★ Feb. 25, 1933

THE NEW YORKER

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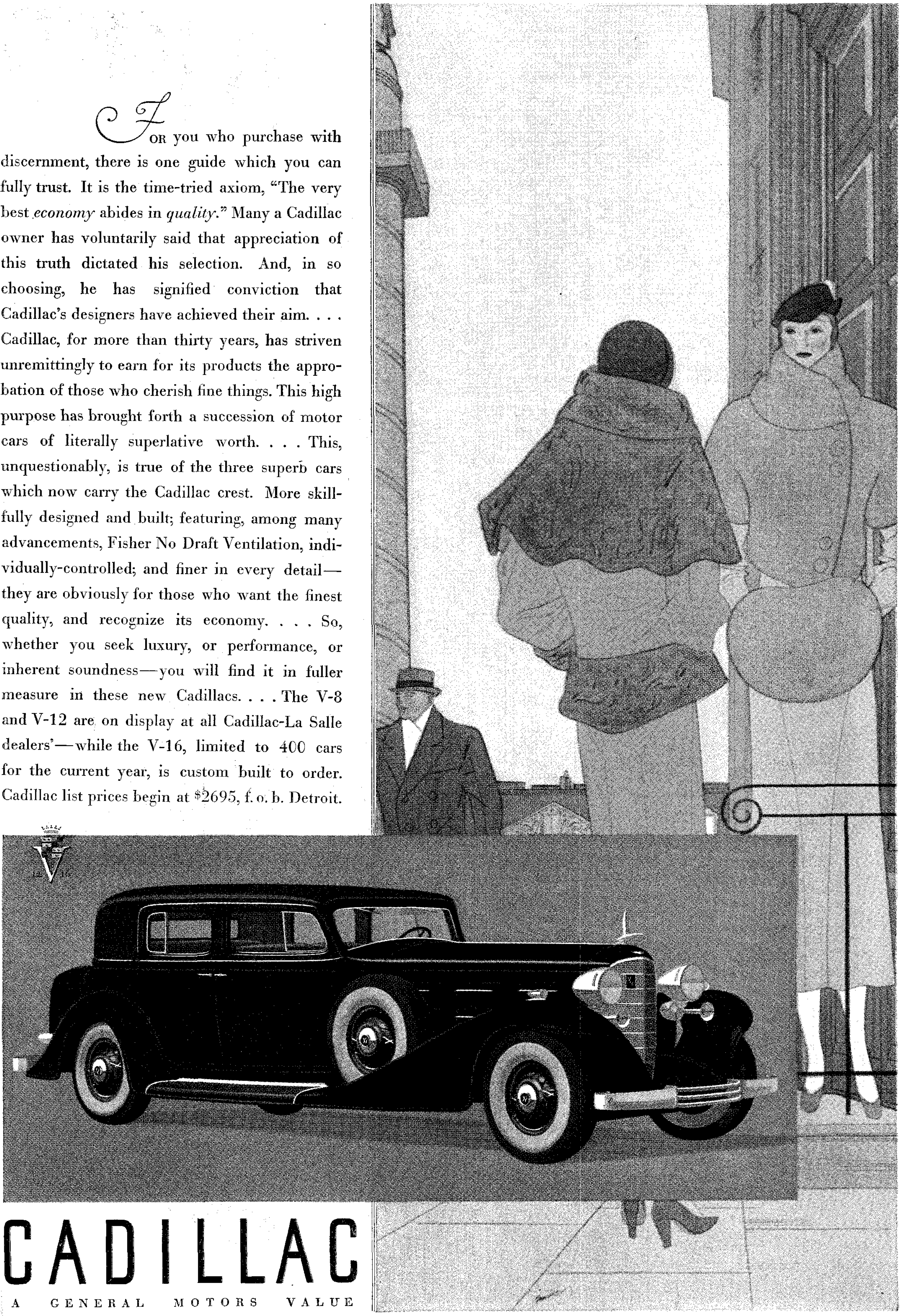

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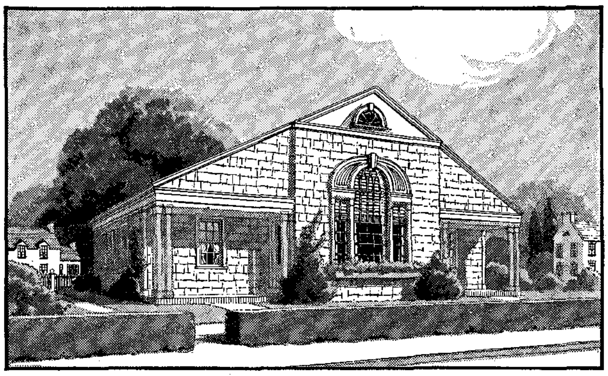

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● When we announced some weeks ago that soon we must turn the key in the House that Sloane Built, we did not foresee the vital, continued interest that would keep on bringing us thousands of people. Just as many people are coming in now to see how beauty may live in a small house—graciously and inexpensively.

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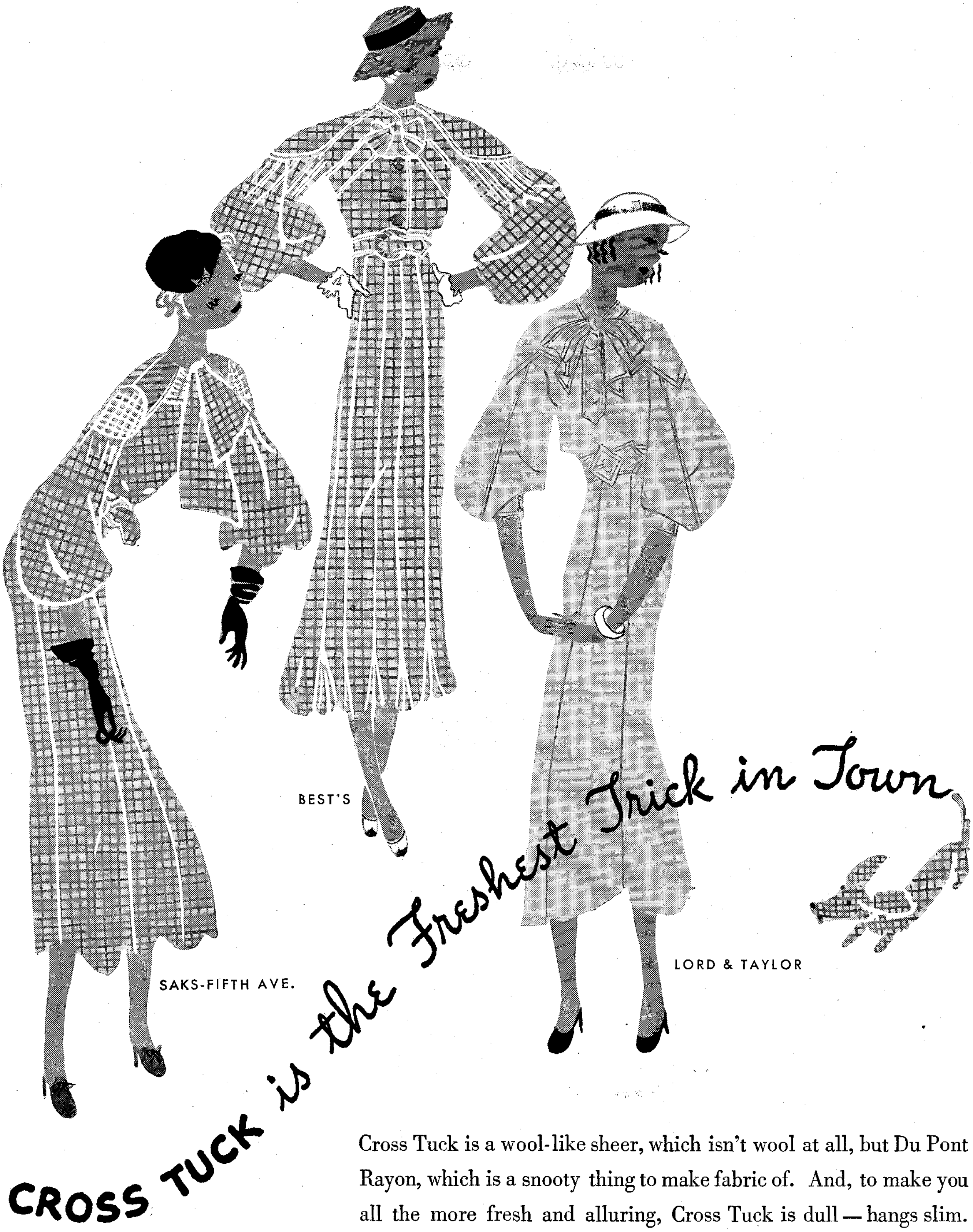
The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. IX, No. 2, February 25, 1933. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1933, by the F-R Pub. Corp.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Cross Tuck is a wool-like sheer, which isn't wool at all, but Du Pont Rayon, which is a snooty thing to make fabric of. And, to make you all the more fresh and alluring, Cross Tuck is dull — hangs slim.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 4.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—A presentation of this classic which does violence to nobody's sensibilities, no matter how rabid about Carroll he may be. Eva Le Gallienne and her Civic Repertory Company. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Autumn Crocus—Francis Lederer, primarily, with Dorothy Gish and some other good actors in an entertaining bit about love in the Tyrol. (Morosco, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Biography—Ina Claire and an excellent Guild cast in S. N. Behrman's story of a lady artist who tries to write a story of her love-life and gets a line on herself and her lovers while doing it. (Avon, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Criminal at Large—Better acting than is usually found in a murder mystery, and a better murder mystery than is usually found in connection with such good acting. Florence Reed, Emlyn Williams, Frank Conroy, Katherine Wilson, and others. (48th Street, 48, E. May close Sat., Feb. 25.)

Dangerous Corner—A dinner party (not "Dinner at Eight") get to telling the truth, and it turns out that they are all pretty much involved in crime and passion. A swell idea, but perhaps just a bit too much talk. With Colin Keith-Johnston. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Design for Living—How three people ought to be able to live together with a minimum of Sex and a maximum of clever sayings. Fortunately, the three people are Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and the author, Noel Coward. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:20 P.M. Mats. 2:25 P.M.)

Dinner at Eight—Showing, in a generally exciting style, what happens to various members of a dinner party before they get into their evening clothes. With Constance Collier, Conway Tearle, Ann Andrews, and Marguerite Churchill. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Goodbye Again—A mad little comedy about the backfire of a coëducational-college romance, with Osgood Perkins as the author who gets caught in it. A lot of good, crazy fun. (Masque, 45, W.)

Honeymoon—Slight but generally pleasant troubles of a young married couple in Paris. With Katherine Alexander and Ross Alexander. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

The Late Christopher Bean—What might happen if a recently deceased New England painter turned out to be a genius, told by Sidney Howard (from the French) with a great deal of pleasant entertainment value. Pauline Lord and Walter Connolly head a good cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

One Sunday Afternoon—A very quiet little love story which is more in the nature of a relief than a stimulant. (Little, 44, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

Pigeons and People—George M. Cohan cutting loose in his first prank since "The Tavern," and maybe it doesn't seem good! There are no intermissions, but you hardly miss them at all. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Sat. only.)

20th Century—A trainful of nuts, each of them more or less hilariously comical, and all bound for New York. Not what you would call "distinguished drama," but good for an evening's guffawing. With Eugénie Leontovich, Moffat Johnston, and William Frawley. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

We, the People—Practically everything that is wrong in America lined up in one big procession; provocative if you don't mind seeing it all again. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:20 P.M. Closes Sat., Feb. 25.)

When Ladies Meet—Comical piece about a triangle by Rachel Crothers, who takes her triangles in her stride. Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel, Spring Byington, Selena Royle, and others. (Royale, 45, W. May close Sat., Mar. 4.)

WITH MUSIC

Face the Music—Return engagement of last season's smart production of a bitterly humorous (and very funny) crack at the racketeer government we New Yorkers thrive under. With Irving Berlin music, and Mary Boland. (44th Street, 44, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 25.)

Flying Colors—Very agreeable show, offering Butterworth's Five-Point Plan and the antics of Clifton Webb, Philip Loeb, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 25.)

Gay Divorce—Fred Astaire at his dancing best, which means *the* dancing best, ably assisted by Claire Luce. Cole Porter's music helps make it a very pleasant, if unexciting, evening's entertainment. (Shubert, 44, W.)

Melody—George White's elaborate return to musical entertainment, with a score by Romberg, and lots of good voices to sing it. Not much to laugh at. Everett Marshall, Evelyn Herbert, Walter Woolf, Hal Skelly, George Houston, and Jeanne Aubert. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Music in the Air—Just about as nice a show as you will find anywhere, with a Jerome Kern score that is more than that. Reinald Werrenrath, Natalie Hall, Walter Slezak, Katherine Carrington, Tullio Carminati, and Al Shean. (Alvin, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Take a Chance—Musical comedy-revue, very brisk and cheerful, and, mainly because of Jack Haley and Sid Silvers, also very funny. Ethel Merman sings. (Apollo, 42, W.)

Walk a Little Faster—Not since the first Charlot show has Beatrice Lillie been so funny. Clark and McCullough are there for good measure and there is a very nice score by Vernon Duke. (Selwyn, 42, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

Hangman's Whip—A melodrama by Norman Reilly Raine and Frank Butler, with Montagu Love, Ian Keith, Barton MacLane, and Helen Flint. Opens Fri., Feb. 24. (St. James, 44, W. 8:45 P.M.)

Forsaking All Others—A comedy by Edward W. Roberts and Frank Morgan Cavett, with Tallulah Bankhead, Millicent Hanley, Cora Witherspoon, Donald Macdonald, and Fred Keating. Opens Mon., Feb. 27. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strike Me Pink—A revue by Brown and Henderson, with Jimmie Durante, Lupe Velez, Hope Williams, Hal LeRoy, and others. Opens Mon., Feb. 27. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

A Saturday Night—Peggy Wood in a new comedy by Owen Davis, with Hugh O'Connell, Arthur Margetson, Owen Davis, Jr., and Elizabeth Young. Opens Tues., Feb. 28. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

Run, Little Chillun!—Hall Johnson's Negro folk drama, with incidental music by the author. Opens Wed., Mar. 1. (Lyric, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Our Wife—A comedy by Lyon Mearson and Lillian Day, with June Walker, Humphrey Bogart, and Rose Hobart. Opens Thurs., Mar. 2. (Booth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Alien Corn—Katharine Cornell in Sidney Howard's latest play, with James Rennie, Siegfried Rumann, Luther Adler, Charles Waldron, Lily Cahill, and others. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

American Dream—The Theatre Guild's production of a cycle of three one-act plays by George O'Neil, with Claude Rains, Helen Westley, Douglass Montgomery, and others. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Conquest—Judith Anderson in a play by Arthur Hopkins, with Raymond Hackett, Harvey Stephens, and Jane Wyatt. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

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●

The Piccoli—Podrecca's Italian marionettes, in light opera, revue, ballet, burlesque, etc. One of the most entertaining novelties of recent seasons. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:45 P.M. daily. Mats. Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 3 P.M.)

The Yale Puppeteers—"Mister Noah," Fri., Feb. 24. "The Pie-Eyed Piper," Sat. and Sun., Feb. 25 and 26. "Caesar Julius," Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 28-Mar. 2. (The Puppet Show, 34 W. 46. 9 P.M. Mat. Sat. 3 P.M.)

Dance Recitals—Shan-Kar and his Hindu dancers and musicians. Final performances: Sat. Aft., Feb. 25, at 2:40; Sat. and Sun. Eves., Feb. 25 and 26, at 8:40. (New Yorker, 54, W.) . . . Hans Wiener, assisted by Otto Ashermann and company of 40: Sun. Aft., Feb. 26, at 3:15. (Guild, 52, W.) . . . Chalif School dancers, in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and other ballets: Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57.)

Sunday Nights at Nine—An informal potpourri of skits, dances, monologues, songs, etc. Something to go to on a dull Sunday evening. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Algonquin, 59 W. 44 (Vanderbilt 3-2500)—Supper and dancing in the Rose Room; attractive and inexpensive. Cookie Fairchild's orchestra, with songs by Rex Evans.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's music and Fontana and Coles' dancing are good reasons for going here. Should dress.

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Rosita and Ramon, and Michael Loscalzo's music.*

Mayfair Yacht Club, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456)—A pleasant place for supper dancing, overlooking the East River. Meyer Davis music, with Ross and Sargent, and Queenie Smith.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Supper dancing in the Grill Neptune. William Scotti's orchestra.*

Place Pigalle, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-5946)—Deslys and Clark with their amusing songs, the dancing of Medrano and Donna, and Enric Madriguera's dance music make this one of the gayest spots in town.*

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Music by Anson Weeks and his orchestra in the Seaglade. Should dress.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Jack Denny's orchestra plays, and his radio débutantes entertain, in the Empire Room at supper time.*

Tony Sarg's Bohemia, B'way between 52 and 53 (Circle 7-5776)—Spacious and informal, with Tony Sarg's puppets, the California Collegians, and Paul Tremaine's orchestra.

Broadway Atmosphere—Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Columbus 5-1470), popular with the late Broadway crowd; Jerry Freeman's orchestra, Florence and Alvarez, and Jack Osterman. . . . Big and noisy, with an elaborate revue and no cover charge: Paradise Restaurant, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1680).

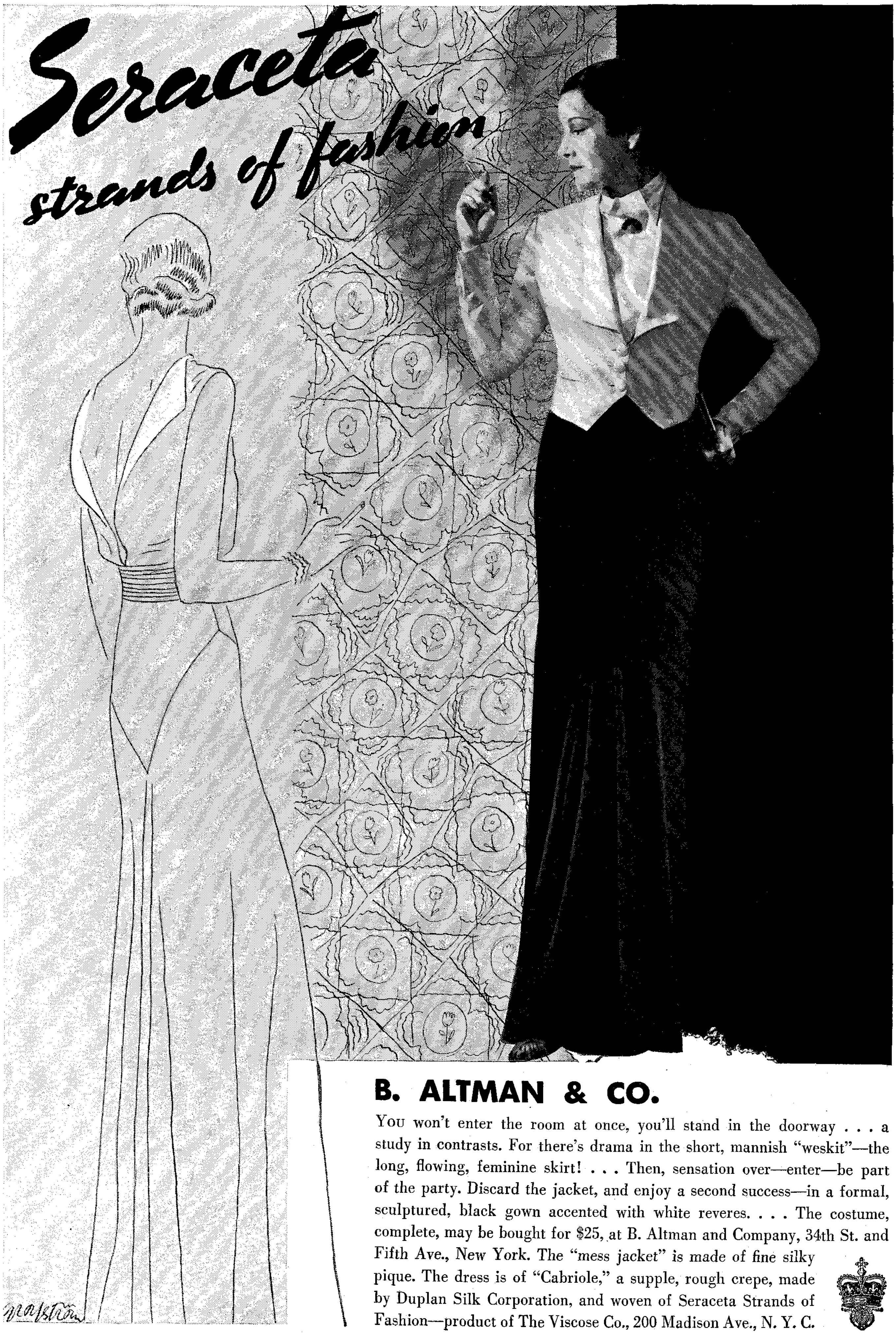
Greenwich Village—The Village Grove Nut Club, 99 7 Ave. S. (Watkins 9-9089), with a show presided over by Jack White. . . . Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . With that Villagy touch and not expensive: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

Harlem—Two places usually worth visiting are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Revues at about 12:15 and 2 A.M.

Hungarian—The Gypsy Trail, 228 W. 52 (Columbus 5-9066), with Hungarian entertainers and music. . . . Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), gypsy music, and Hungarian food at its best.

Russian Motif—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E.

(Continued on page 6)



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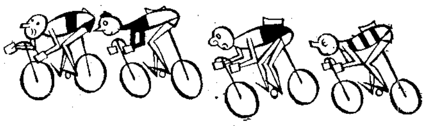
You won't enter the room at once, you'll stand in the doorway . . . a study in contrasts. For there's drama in the short, mannish "weskit"—the long, flowing, feminine skirt! . . . Then, sensation over—enter—be part of the party. Discard the jacket, and enjoy a second success—in a formal, sculptured, black gown accented with white reveres. . . . The costume, complete, may be bought for $25, at B. Altman and Company, 34th St. and Fifth Ave., New York. The "mess jacket" is made of fine silky pique. The dress is of "Cabriole," a supple, rough crepe, made by Duplan Silk Corporation, and woven of Seraceta Strands of Fashion—product of The Viscose Co., 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 4.]

(Continued from page 4)

14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784), featuring songs by Adia Kuznetzoff and Tamara.

Spanish Atmosphere—El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646).

Notes on Dance Orchestras—Paul Whiteman plays in the Supper Room of the Biltmore, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920).* . . . Guy Lombardo is at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . Leon Belasco plays, Sat. Eves. only, in the Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000).*

You will find Ozzie Nelson at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000). . . . Harold Stern is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800). . . . Ted Weems plays in the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Freddie Martin is at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle 7-8000).

Places requiring membership—George Lavin's orchestra plays at the attractively decorated Casino Town Club, 9 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-7826). Must dress. . . . Harry Rosenthal provides the music at the Embassy Club, 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 5-4900). Must dress. . . . Pancho plays for the Mayfair Club, in the Crystal Room of the Ritz-Carlton, every Sat. Eve. Must dress. . . . Joseph Venuti directs the orchestra for Cobina Wright's Saturday Night Supper Club, in the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eves. only. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

Cavalcade—Noel Coward's play of English life in this century, beautifully screened in American Hollywood. With Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. at 11:30 P.M., and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

Cynara—Ronald Colman and Kay Francis managing fairly well in a story of love and its problems. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 28 and Mar. 1; continuous from 1 P.M.)

A Farewell to Arms—Love in the war, as portrayed by Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. The Hemingway novel ably and dramatically photographed. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 24-26; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Rasputin and the Empress—Notable for its presentation of the general atmosphere of the Czar's court and for Ethel Barrymore's performance as the Czarina. With John and Lionel also. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

State Fair—Attractive and quite charming story of rustic life and its ways. (R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and 81st Street, B'way at 81; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 25-28; continuous from noon.)

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill for an hour and three-quarters, interpreted by Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, and some others. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 25-27; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Revival—At the Little Picture House, 151 E. 50: "Outward Bound," with Leslie Howard, Thurs., Mar. 2, only; continuous from 2 P.M.

Note—Movies suitable for children are shown at the Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78; Fri., Sat., and Sun., at 2:15 and 3:45 P.M.; and Sat. at 10:45 A.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Maedchen in Uniform," the very fine German film of a girls' school; "She Done Him Wrong," Mae West, in an expansive mood, giving her version of life on the Bowery in its grand days; "Silver Dollar," the old days in Denver, with Edward G. Robinson as one of the town's founders; "Topaze," John Barrymore, never before so good on the screen, as the elderly professor of this very Parisian comedy.

ART

Architectural League—Forty-eighth annual exhibition, including special shows on the arts of the theatre and modern housing: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Derain—Paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Eakins—Representative paintings by one of the sturdiest talents America produced after the Civil War: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 25.

French Moderns—Thirteen new canvases of which only one has been shown before in America: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

International 1933—A tour of the world of contemporary art under the reasonably intelligent and catholic auspices of the College Art Association: 27th floor, R.K.O. Bldg., 6 Ave. between 50 and 51. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 27.

Kuniyoshi—Recent work by a distinguished painter whose work is the unique result of a Japanese racial inheritance, an American background, and the modern French tradition: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 25.

Maillol—An exhibition you will regret having missed; so don't miss it: Brummer, 53 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 28.

O'Keeffe—The most poignant of modern American symbolists in a show that combines new and old work: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Photography—Portraits and studies by Clara E. Sipprell: Delphic Studios, 9 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 25.

Prints—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—The "best fifty" Currier & Ives: Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington, at 30. . . . Art of living painters, in color reproductions: Raymond & Raymond, 5th floor, 40 E. 49.

Sterne—Retrospective exhibition of the work of Maurice Sterne, 1902-1932. The first one-man show to be offered by the Museum of Modern Art: 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Water Colors—Contemporary Americans: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 4.

Whitney Museum—Paintings and prints by Chicago artists: 10 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Tues., Feb. 28.

Miscellaneous—Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Small water colors and oils by Jean Charlot: John Becker, 520 Madison. . . . Paintings by Michael Rosenthal: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. . . . Recent paintings by Raphael Soyer: Valentine, 69 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Frederick Shane: G.R.D. Studio, 9 E. 57; through Sat., Feb. 25. . . . Murals, costumes, and designs by Lillian Gaertner Palmedo: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57; through Sat., Feb. 25. . . . "Nights of Paris" by M. de Corini: Painters & Sculptors, 22 E. 11; through Sat., Feb. 25. . . . Paintings by Hobson Pittman: An American Group, Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Nathan Milstein—Hey fiddle fiddle! Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 24.

Lotte Lehmann—Some singing with plenty of voice and enthusiasm: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 25.

Josef Lhevinne—An eminent professor of the pianoforte, who practices, preaches, and plays: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 25.

Jan Smeterlin—Return of another contemporary keyboard exemplar: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 27.

London String Quartet—A recurrently delightful ensemble: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 27.

Fritz Kreisler—In the Town Hall Endowment Series: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 2.

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony — Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 24, at 2:30. Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Feb. 26. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Feb. 25, at 11. . . . Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8:45.

Musicians' Symphony — Harmati conducting; soloist, Mischa Elman: Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Feb. 28.

New York Sinfonietta—Maganini conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 1.

Boston Symphony — Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 2, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Mar. 4, at 2:30.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8; "Manon," Sat. Aft., Feb. 25, at 2; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30; "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Aft., Mar. 3, at 1. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

Juilliard Opera School—Monteverdi's "Coronation of Poppea" and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 24 and 25, at 8:30, and Fri. Aft., Feb. 24, at 3: Juilliard School, 130 Claremont Ave.

Note—The court masque, **"Oberon,"** devised in 1611 by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, will be performed at the MacDowell Club, 166 E. 73, Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 9.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Feb. 24 and Mar. 3, at 11, WEAF and WJZ.

News Dramatization—An exciting summary of the week's news by one commentator who doesn't get excited himself: Fri. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:30, WABC.

Metropolitan Opera—"Manon" (complete): Sat. Aft., Feb. 25, at 2, WJZ. . . . "Tristan und Isolde" (part): Fri. Aft., Mar. 3, at 3:15, WEAF.

Boston Symphony — Koussevitzky conducting. Quite often stations make you wait two hours to hear about the sniffle lotions, merely because a symphony isn't completed: Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:15, WJZ.

Private Note to Columbia Alumni—University Symphonic Band: Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30, WOR.

Cuckoo Program—Raymond Knight's lunacies, as yet the only evidence that radio can smile at itself: Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 10:30, WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony — Walter conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 26, at 3, WABC. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Feb. 25, at 11, WABC.

John Henry—Splendid production of the story of Roark Bradford's black Odysseus: Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8 and 8:45 (two sketches), WABC.

Paul Whiteman's Rhythmic Concert—Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 6:30, WJZ.

Tenors—Tito Schipa: Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 9, WEAF. . . . Richard Crooks, with William Daly's orchestra: Mon. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:30, WEAF.

Concert Pianists—Ernest Hutcheson: Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 10, WABC. . . . Josef Lhevinne: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 2, at 11:30, WJZ.

Marx Brothers—At least, Chico and Groucho. Sometimes fairly funny. Stupid introduction—"Tzing boom, tzing boom": Mon. Eve., Feb. 27, at 7:30, WJZ.

Ed Wynn—Conventional pun-patter, but funnier than most: Tues. Eve., Feb. 28, at 9:30, WEAF.

Willard Robison—Musicianly and engaging orchestra: Tues. Eve., Feb. 28, at 9:30, WJZ.

Burns and Allen—Fine suspense as you wait for Burns to choke her: Wed. Eve., Mar. 1, at 10, WABC.

J. P. Medbury—Sometimes worth listening to: Wed. Eve., Mar. 1, at 10, WABC.

Philadelphia Orchestra — Stokowski conducting: Fri. Aft., Mar. 3, at 2:30, WABC.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: King Levinsky vs. Johnny Risko, Fri. Eve., Feb. 24; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M.

Fencing—Épées, Individual Junior Championships, finals: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Tues. Eve., Feb. 28, at 7:30. . . . Three-Weapon Competition, Individual: New York Athletic Club, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 2, at 7:30.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Feb. 25—Squadron A vs. Fort Hamilton, at 8:30; Crusaders vs. Los Ñanduces, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn, Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30—Aknusti vs. Allenhurst; Squadron C vs. Governors Island.

At 105th Field Artillery Armory, Franklin Ave. at 166, Bronx—Annual Invitation Tournament of the New York Athletic Club; last day, Sat., Feb. 25, at 4 and 8:30 P.M.

Track—National A.A.U. Track and Field Meet: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:15. . . . Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Track and Field Championships: 258th Field Artillery Armory, Jerome Ave. at Kingsbridge Rd., Sat. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8.

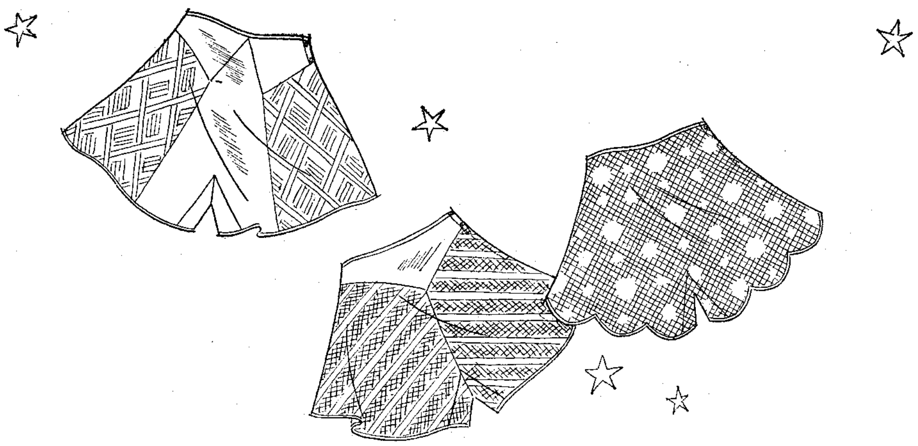
OTHER EVENTS

Six-Day Bike Race—At Madison Square Garden: starts Sun. Eve., Feb. 26, at 9, and continues through Sat. Eve., Mar. 4.

Models—Annual exhibition of the New York Society of Model Engineers. Miniature railroads, model airplane and marine engines, ships, and speedboats; also, the Pennoyer Collection of historical railroad paintings: Knickerbocker Bldg., B'way at 42. Open 1 to 10:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 25.

Russian Carnival—For the benefit of seven Russian Charities in New York City: Armory, 125 W. 14, Sat. Eve., Feb. 25.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Persian carpets and Oriental rugs; Flemish, Brussels, and Aubusson tapestries; eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 24 and 25, at 2:15. . . . Rare books from the library of the late Willis Vickery, comprising first editions of Blake, Chaucer, Keats, Shakespeare, Shelley, Spenser, and others; the four folios of Shakespeare, and other rarities: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Mar. 1 and 2, at 8:15; and Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Mar. 2 and 3, at 2:15. . . . Paintings, including Gainsborough, Hoppner, and many others: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 2, at 8:15.



Let's glow... in iridescent Whirls*!

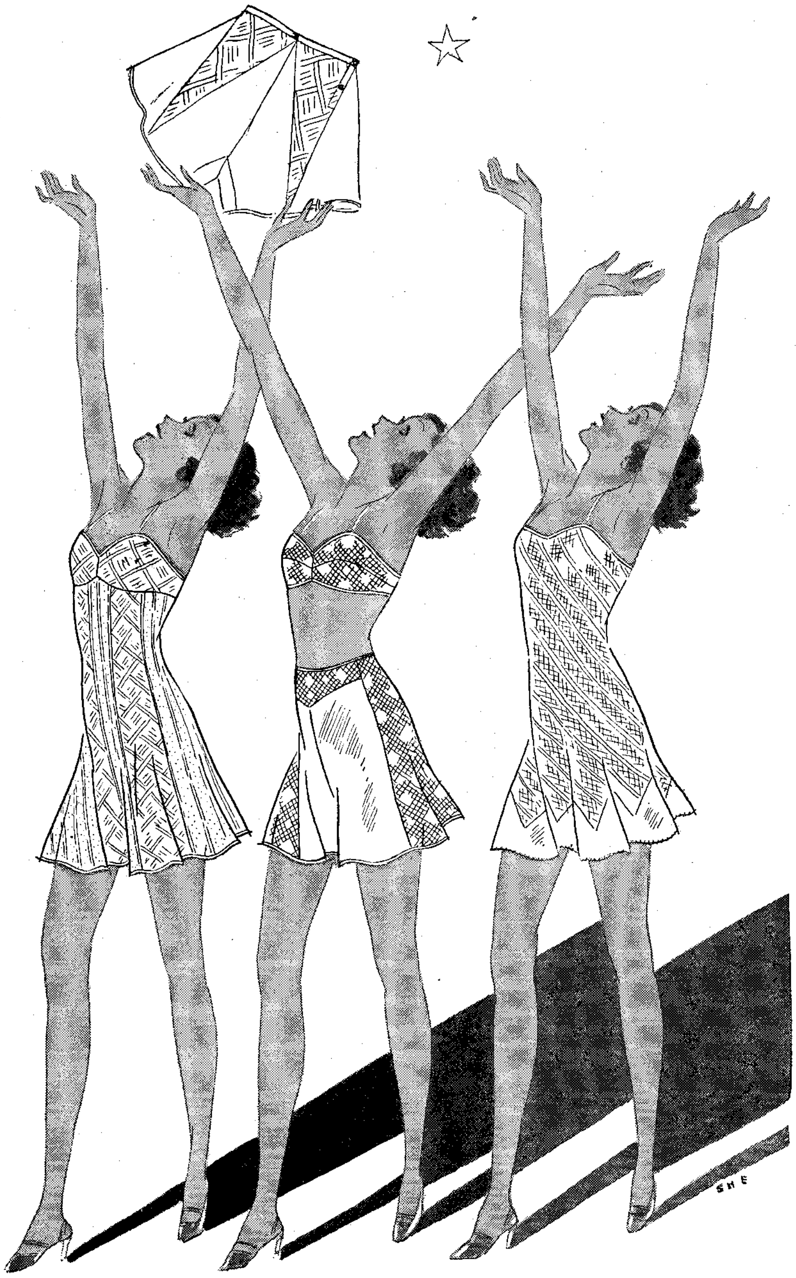
Beauties, these "Whirls"! They shimmer, they gleam, they glow. For they are made of a brand-new lace mesh *iridescent* fabric. Kayser's own creation. The patterns? Ah! As original, as enchanting as the material: Dots, bias stripes and plaids. *Plaids,* mind you. You'll love 'em!

Smartly-cut with style and dash in every youthful line. Handsomely-tailored, exquisitely finished with a hand-made look that will charm the most fastidious. Iridescent "Whirls" will set you up this spring! Solos*, $1.95, $1.50; Panties, $1.00; Matching Bandeaux, 75c.

KAYSER

QUALITY FOR HALF A CENTURY

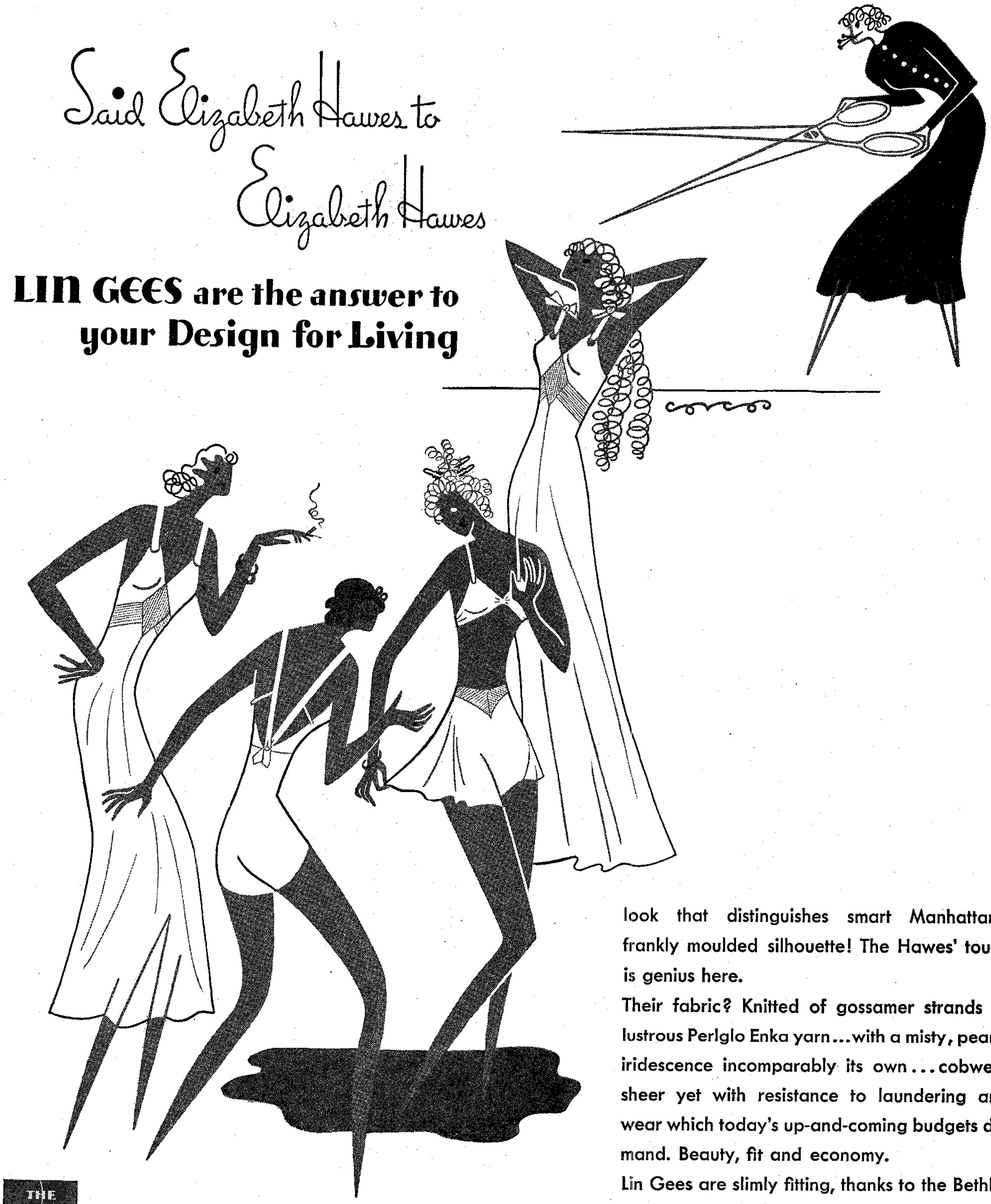
At All Smart Shops and The Kayser Stores
473 Fifth Avenue at 41st Street . . . . New York
584 Madison Avenue at 57th Street . . . . . New York



*TRADE MARK

Said Elizabeth Hawes to
Elizabeth Hawes

LIN GEES are the answer to your Design for Living



AND what, pray, are Lin Gees? They are the new underthings designed by Elizabeth Hawes...who sees the need for flawless underthings for the flawless gowns she creates. Lin Gees are custom-built.

Bias cut—of course. But more—they are cut by Elizabeth Hawes' inspired scissors. And so knowingly cut that they won't wrinkle, bunch or twist around though your Design for Living leads from a day of sports to your favorite night club. They give that sophisticated "no undies" look that distinguishes smart Manhattan's frankly moulded silhouette! The Hawes' touch is genius here.

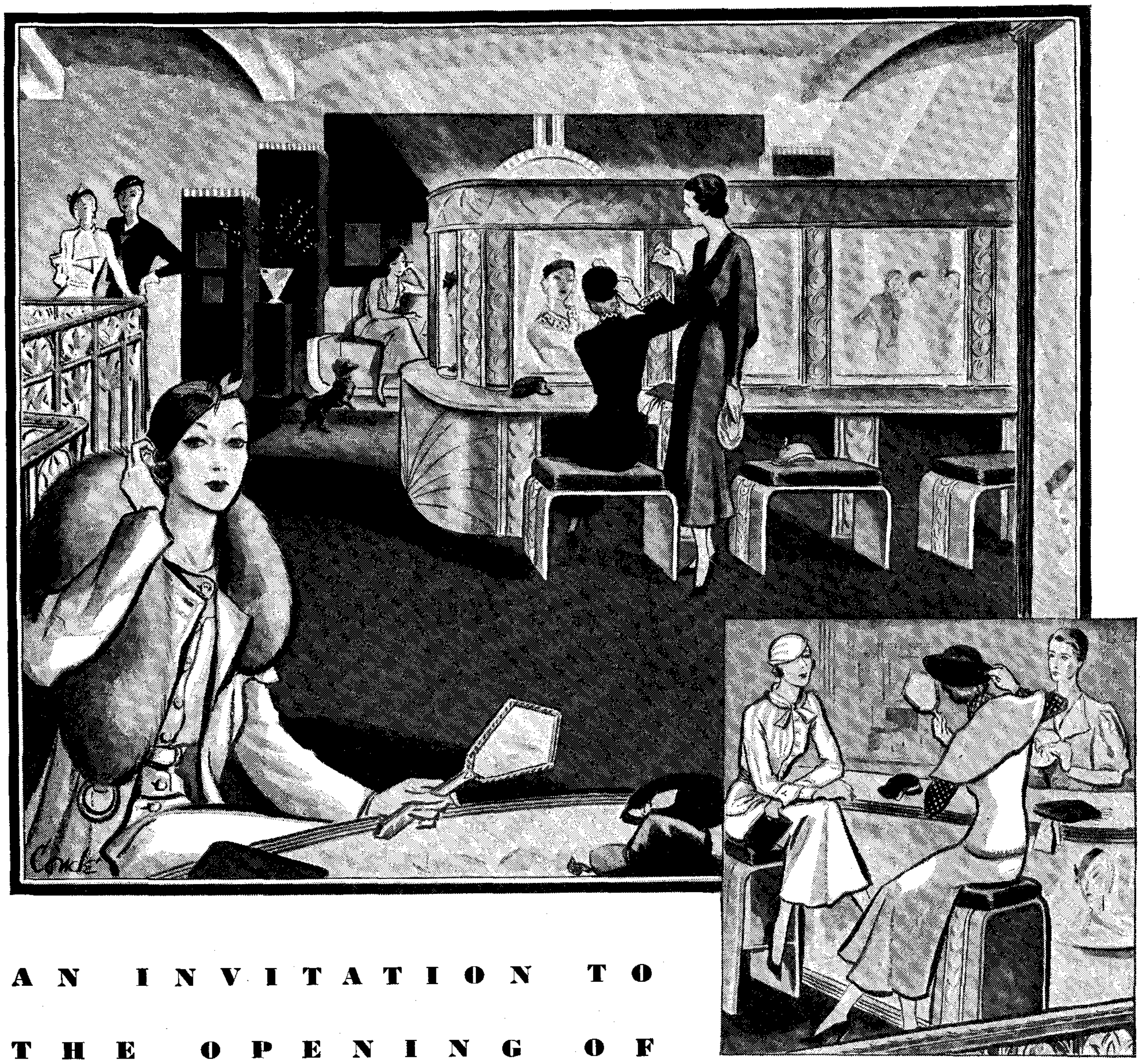
Their fabric? Knitted of gossamer strands of lustrous Perlglo Enka yarn...with a misty, pearly iridescence incomparably its own...cobweb-sheer yet with resistance to laundering and wear which today's up-and-coming budgets demand. Beauty, fit and economy.

Lin Gees are slimly fitting, thanks to the Bethlehem Textiles Company, makers of Laros Underthings. The Laros gift for fashioning fabrics is equalled only by Elizabeth Hawes' way with them. Lin Gees — luxurious, dainty, durable. Suavely silhouetting . . . underthings your skin loves to touch. Now on display at Lord & Taylor's . . . *exclusively!* And priced to enchant your very thriftiest instincts.

LORD & TAYLOR
FIFTH AVENUE

THE FATE OF A FABRIC HANGS BY A THREAD
AMERICAN ENKA

Jay-Thorpe FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, WEST



AN INVITATION TO

THE OPENING OF

The little hat bar

Perched on the mezzanine—an entirely new and separate *bistrot* for youthful hats. All smart young New York is invited to act as jury! We want you to be convinced of what we know already—that by turning the current of economic events to your account, we are able to bring to you hats that express Jay-Thorpe taste..sophistication..style sense..Ready-to-wear, 15.00 and 18.00.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET
EAST ORANGE *WHITE PLAINS*

RIDE IN CORDUROY THIS SPRING

It's light and comfortable—and tailors like a woolen. Altman has copied a perfectly excellent British habit with front-laced breeches which, incidentally, are good for hiking too—if you like that sort of thing. Coat and breeches matching or contrasting, brown or tan.

29.50

RIDING SHOP
THIRD FLOOR

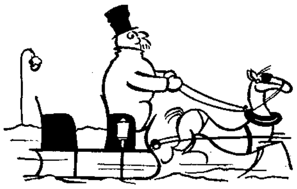
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

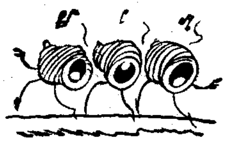
Notes and Comment

THE events of the year, so troublesome, so Republican, often come into our dreams, in the disorderly manner of dream things. Last night, on a bed of pain, we dreamt that it was Inauguration Day, and that the Washington police, mistaking the Democratic jubilee paraders for bonus marchers, dispersed them with tear bombs and drove them to a large windswept plain above the railroad tracks.

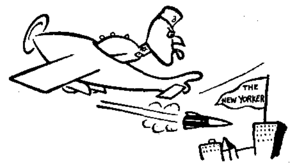
FOR all our bad dreams, we are essentially optimistic about the future of the country. Grass, growing in any quantity in the streets, would be to Americans merely a business opportunity: overnight someone would make a small fortune from electric lawn-mowers and miniature putting greens. An elastic nation, this. The other night, when the recent snow was still fresh and virginal, we saw one of the Plaza hansom-drivers on his way to business, turning an act of God to account with that aptitude we have often noticed in cigar stores which sprout umbrellas on rainy days. This man, beaming happily, was proceeding rapidly up the cold white stretches of Fifth Avenue, driving a sleigh.



MRS. ROOSEVELT's choice of a dress has resulted in Periwinkle Blue being changed to Eleanor Blue, as we reported last week. Now, the name Periwinkle Blue is a pretty good name, as such things go. It is musical and merry and it refers to a little myrtle flower that we like because, as Webster says, "it is often cultivated and frequently escapes." Another reason we like the name is because of the gastropod periwinkle, whose shell we have often pilfered when fishing for cunners (*Tautogolabrus adspersus*) in golden moments beside a blue sea. Eleanor Blue is just another name—not as good as Alice Blue, or Robin's Egg Blue, and not anywhere near as good as Periwinkle Blue. This doesn't mean, however, that we don't wish Mrs. Roosevelt's husband, who has never been known to be blue, all the luck in the world.



WE have just received a snarling letter from a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, who is sore at us because we disapprove of bombing planes. The trouble with you, he writes, is that you are third-rate and don't know what you are talking about. It hurts to be called third-rate by a second lieutenant, but we must point out that it is our very ignorance about the problems of national defence that makes our opinion on bombing planes so valuable. Our distaste for bombing planes is uncorrupted by any facts about them; we can look at a bombing plane and dislike it in a detached way, with the pure limpid disapproval of the damned.



Obviously, the only weakness of our national defence is its strength. It has come to be stronger than what it is defending. Second lieutenants are the defenders of our homes, but in many cases they are merely the vestigial defenders of homes from which the people have been evicted. Destroyers, expensively shooting mock shells at each other in the Pacific, are in reality on the side of the enemy—which exists and which is on land, in every street. An alert government would call off war games, and divert such funds to the relief of people who are completely shot without ever having been fired on.

MOST of the Congressional talk about beer and its content is nonsensical. Beer cannot be resolved in decimal points: it is an emotional problem, not a health problem, and besides—our legislators are forgetting the part beer played in the composition of the national anthem. The flag which waved over Fort McHenry during the bombardment by the British in 1814, the flag which caused Francis Scott Key to jot down certain notes on the back of an envelope, was stitched in Claggett's Brewery, Baltimore. That brewery, if we recall our history, was the only place which had a floor large enough to stitch so big a flag. Is there anything further to be said about beer?

AFTER the revolution (which sensitive newspaper-owners are treating with anxious courtesy, as though it had already come upon us in its refined Anglo-Saxon way), the Radio City Music Hall might well be turned to some more constructively socialized use. It would make an ideal setting, for example, in which to popularize the motion of light. (There are still persons in the Bronx and in outlying sections of Queens who never read the *Times* and for whom, therefore, the motion of light is practically an unrealized concept.) It would also do nicely as a planetarium, with Jupiter glowing above the proscenium arch in January, and Venus, on long summer evenings, symbolically rising toward what are now the popular-priced loges.

Getting His Number

A GENTLEMAN who recently moved into a new apartment had a private, unlisted telephone installed, but discovered after the phone man left that the little card on the phone which should bear the subscriber's number was blank. Feeling that his phone number, however private, should be known to himself, he phoned Information. She told him the number he sought was a private line and could not be given out. "Can't I find out my own number?" he shouted. "I'm sorry," she said, "but we are not allowed to give out that information." He finally went to pieces, screaming at a supervisor, and his wife took the apparatus away from him. She then called in person at the phone company's office and explained the situation more clearly than her husband had. Several hours later, a tiny number was sent around by a messenger boy, and the husband slipped it in the little slot. He's still mad, though.

Lesson

WE have never known much about the public schools of this town, but after reading the resolution passed by the Board of Superintendents on the occasion of the retirement of one of their number, we feel sure that the cultural future of a million and a half children is secure. We quote the resolution in full:

"The bark of education in our beloved city has weathered many storms and the lasting fury of the present has never been surpassed. Although inky clouds of discouragement are still wrapping their indigo shrouds about the harassed soul of man, and the bark of education is still storm tossed and far from safe, the keenly observant can discern on the horizon a faint auroral glow, the roseate harbinger of a better day. The shrieking winds have somewhat abated. The thunderbolts seem less frequent and less terrifying. One of our number is constrained to go ashore. We will miss his strength and skill at the oars and more than all else his sage advice and his unfailing solicitude. These qualities will be appreciated only when the bark of education majestically and serenely sails sunlit seas again. We bid heartfelt bon voyage to a seasoned mariner, Charles W. Lyon. That the 'Master of All Good Workmen' will paint his remaining days in the golden hues of the spirit even as a Rembrandt portrait is suffused with a golden radiance and that his soul be cheered to the end with the memory and consciousness of a noble life magnificently spent in unselfish service is the wholehearted wish of his colleagues, who prize his friendship. Signed:

"William J. O'Shea, Harold G. Campbell, Joseph M. Sheehan, Eugene Colligan, William E. Grady, John E. Wade, Edward Mandel, Margaret J. McCooey."

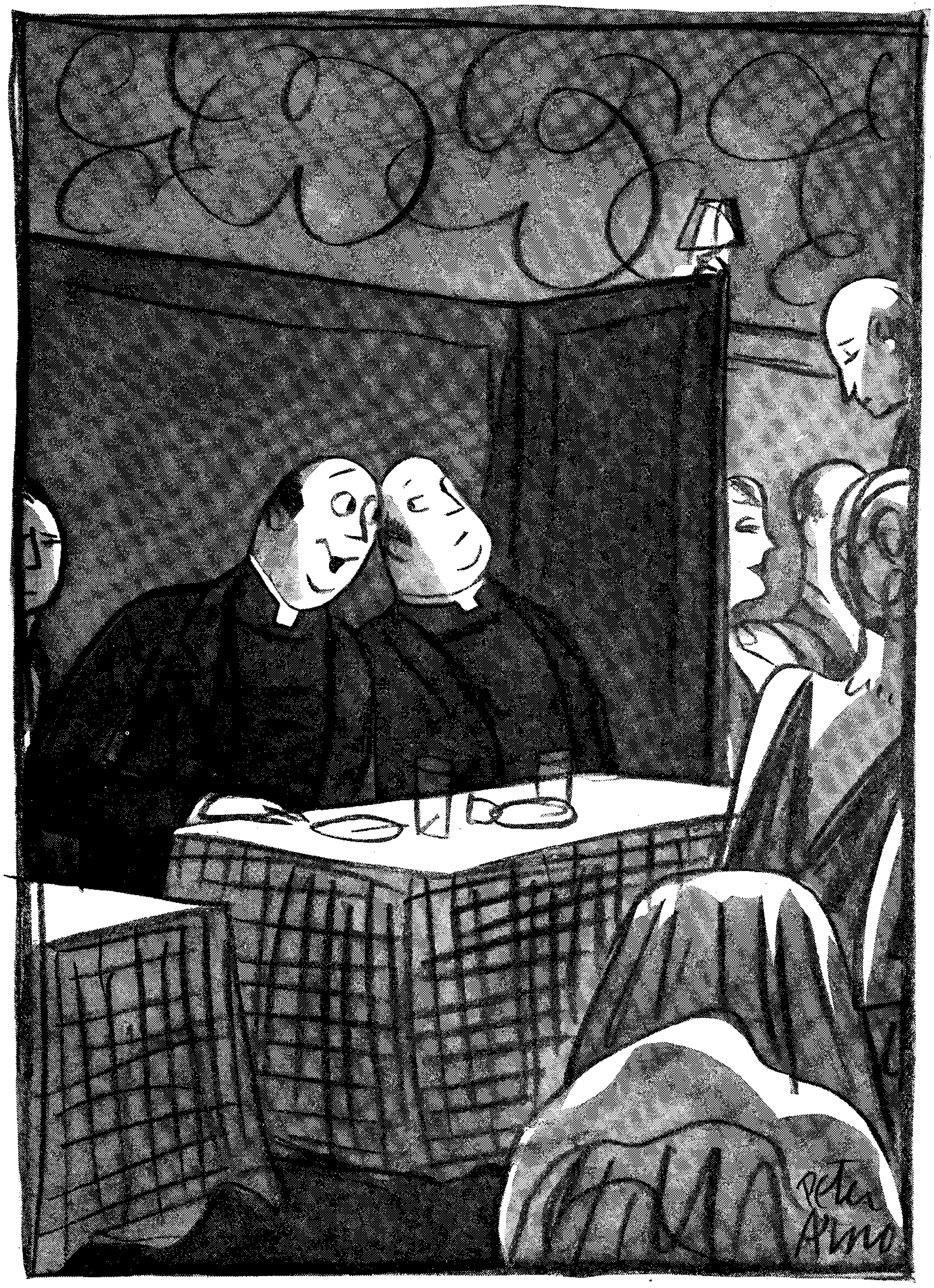
Name Your Horses

THIS is the busiest week in the year for the stewards of the august Jockey Club on Park Avenue and for Mr. F. J. E. Klees and his staff of the club's registry office, who are right in the middle of finishing up the job of considering and listing names for nearly five thousand new race horses before March 1, which is the deadline. Naming a thoroughbred isn't as simple as a non-horsy person might think. There are all sorts of rules and customs. In the first place, no name may be used that has been held by another registered horse during the previous fifteen years. That rules out two hundred thousand names, which are alphabetically arranged on cards in the Jockey Club files. Then you can't choose a name of more than fifteen letters, and this includes spaces between words (a practical concession to the limitations of newspaper headlines). And you can't name a horse after a living person without that person's permission in writing, or use the name of any commercial product. Furthermore, the club stewards have the right to throw out a proposed name for silliness, bad taste, or any other reason. You can't race a horse on any important track in the United States or Canada if he isn't registered.

The horses they're naming now are the ones born in the calendar year 1931. (We explained recently that foals are a year old on January 1, regardless of their actual birthday.) When more than one request for the same name comes in, the stewards award it to the first comer. Dozens of requests came in for Technocracy this year; it was given to a bay colt owned by an Illinois man named Peabody. Only one request was received for Jigsaw, and it went to a Kaintucky gentleman named Demoss for a brown colt. Fads always result in horses' names. In 1921, J. E. Madden had a mare named Mah Jong; a few years ago, Charles Amory was awarded Backgammon; there were several requests for Eugénie during the hat vogue, but it was refused to all because a Canadian had a horse named Eugenia in 1923. Requests still come in for Depression. There's no chance for it, however, as it was awarded to a mare owned by a Mr. Parrish of Lexington, Ky., in 1929. Mr. Parrish got his request in by special delivery. The market, however, figures in the names of quite a few horses. For instance, Paper Profits won the other day at Hialeah Park and paid $53.70. Sometimes the names are worked out neatly. Among the two-year-olds racing in Florida now is Wise Daughter, a filly by Wise Counsellor from Wise Mother. Also, there's Sonny Whitney's Collateral, a colt by St. Germans out of Margin—the market again.

There were some odd names for horses in the old days. In 1841, Lord Bentinck of England called a mare Here I Go With My Eye Out. In 1773, a chestnut horse belonging to Lord Abingdon was named (and is still recorded in the English studbook) Potoooooooo. Pronounced "Potatoes"—pot and eight "o"s. Potoooooooo is to be found in the ancestry of quite a few American thoroughbreds of today; it is usually written into the family tree as Pot8os.

Mr. Klees has been registrar of the Jockey Club for seven years and in that time he has officially approved around thirty thousand names. He told us that in England there are no rules: the owner just names his horses and races them, and if there are duplications (if Blue Bell wins and finishes last in the same race, for instance), it's just too bad. In France it's a government matter, with



"Heard any good ones lately?"

a lot of folderol and red tape and Certificats d'Origine, etc.

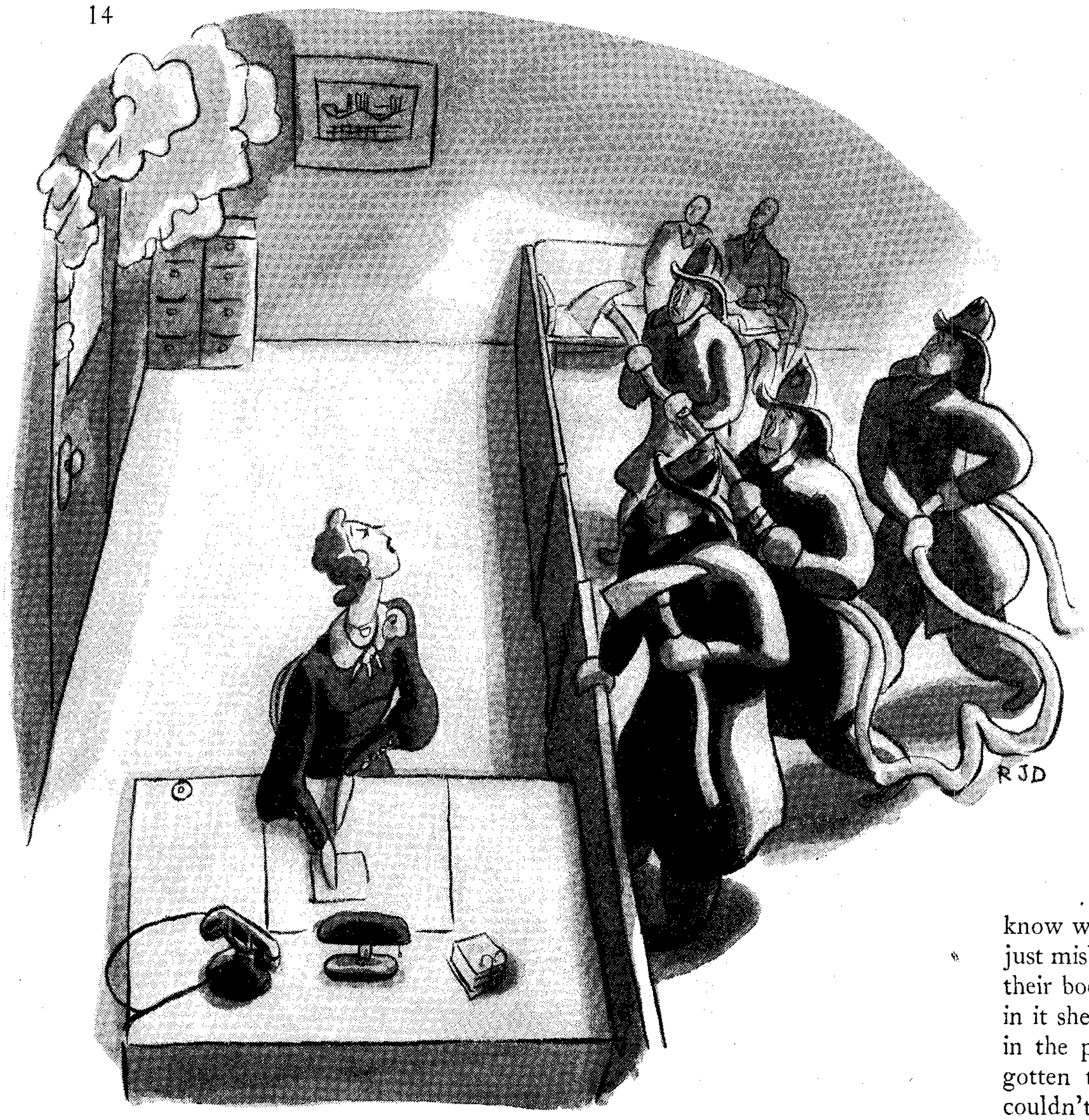
O. Henry Story

WE are thankful for a note from Mr. A. J. Carson, who has described to us the biggest valentine made in town. He saw it made. He was gazing out of a window of his office, on the thirty-fifth floor of the building at 10 East Fortieth Street, admiring the great, smooth fall of snow that lay upon Bryant Park. Presently, from the direction of Sixth Avenue appeared a tall, sturdy young man who, too, surveyed the snowscape for a moment, then gazed upward and waved, to a window higher than Mr. Carson's thirty-fifth floor. Suddenly, the newcomer began to shuffle a strange trail across the untouched snow. His gaunt, slow windings finally spelled the name Suzanne, in letters which extended across the Park. After examining his footwork for a moment, the young fellow looked upward again and waved heartily. Next he treated another design, a heart pierced by an arrow pointing toward the building on Fortieth Street. The valentine stayed there for some time, until heedless feet and pitiless rain destroyed it.

Sweep Ho-o-o!

AS far as we know, there are but two firms in town now which clean chimneys, and the only one that interests us is the smaller, George Smith & Son, of 330 West Twenty-fifth Street. To begin with, it is the oldest Negro business in the country, having been founded by a colored gentleman named Cornelius Jackson, in 1835. In those days, Cornelius had a farm at about what is now 122nd Street and Second Avenue. He used to cart vegetables down to Greenwich Village in a mule-drawn wagon, arriving around eight A.M., and he usually got rid of his produce by ten o'clock. Since he didn't like to go home so early, he took to doing odd jobs for Villagers, and thus drifted into chimney-sweeping. Finally he set up in business, with his son-in-law, Mistah George Smith, as partner. In 1890, old Cornelius having died at the age of eighty, Smith took in his son, J. Wesley, and the firm became George Smith & Son. Old George died at eighty-nine. J. Wesley still keeps the business going in two dim rented rooms over a tinshop. He is a pleasant, intelligent gentleman of near seventy.

Chimney-sweeping, says Mr. Smith, was quite romantic in the old days. His grandfather and father used to roam the streets shouting "Sweep ho-o-o!," the chimney-cleaners' call. They used real chimney sweeps then, little undersized boys like the ones you read of in Dickens, until the city legislated that practice out of existence. It was supposed to give you the misery to work in soot. Neither the late Cornelius nor the late George ever went down a chimney personally, and of course J. Wesley never has. Up to some years



"Is Mr. Green expecting you?"

• •

ago, Mr. Smith regularly cleaned the chimneys of the De Peysters, Belmonts, Waldorfs, Goelets, etc. Houdini was another of his customers. Now he does a lot of work for clubs and hotels, superintending a half-dozen men. Before 1929, he had twenty-five men. Lots of people just let their chimneys go now. Fixing defective flues—which just have to be fixed—is the main work in these times. His men put goggles on their eyes and veils over their mouths and climb right into the flues.

Some straight chimney-sweeping jobs still come in—about four a month. You might enjoy watching Wesley and his men clean out a chimney. They use the famous J. Wesley Smith corset cleaner. The roof man fixes a heavy weight underneath a wadded-up corset; regular old-fashioned corset, usually pink. This is let down on a rope to the bottom of the chimney and then dragged up again. Corsets are fine cleaners because of the whalebone in them: it bends one way when going down and the other when coming up. The garters are always left on the corsets, as roughage; helps a lot. Smith uses up from ten to twenty corsets a year these days. His men get them for nothing, keeping an eye on ashcans and old barrels. Smith has a whole box full in his office, pink in the main, with a few green and purple ones, and a lovely scarlet one. One corset will clean quite a few chimneys.

One of Smith's biggest jobs was sweeping a huge, disused chimney, about six feet square, on Bloomingdale's; they wanted to use it for ventilation. Wesley's men took turns riding down the chimney on a rope chair, scraping with knives. The job took three weeks. Smith charges anywhere from three to twenty dollars for the average house chimney, depending on how clogged it is. He has found some odd things in chimneys in the course of his career: cats and dogs (dead), bees, wasps, and hornets (alive), milk bottles, silverware, blankets. Once he came upon a hundred dead starlings; doesn't know how they got there. Not all birds die when they get into a dirty chimney. In 1916, a sparrowhawk flew down the chimney of an elegant house in the East Sixties and emerged in the living-room, covered with soot. The startled gentleman of the house let the bird out a window and phoned Smith to come clean the chimney. Smith did not know the bird.

Interrupted

LAST Tuesday morning a woman called a publishing house (Longmans) and rather frantically asked to be connected with "the department for rearing the young." She was anxious to know what to do about a child that had just misbehaved. She had recently read their book on bringing up children and in it she had been told just what to do in the present situation. She had forgotten the instructions, however, and couldn't find them because the book had no index. The telephone operator gave the call to an editorial assistant. He was rather hopelessly apologetic, told her to hold the wire, and ran into the editor's office. Here both fumbled through the pages of the indexless book. They were still at it when the operator rang them and reported that apparently the delinquent child had grown impatient. The woman had hung up hastily, telling the operator that the child had just hit her and that she'd call back. She hasn't yet, and the publishing office is a little worried.

Iron Man

MOST men of forty-five will be lounging around in smoking jacket and slippers or relaxing one way or another this Sunday night at nine o'clock, but Reggie McNamara, at that hour, will mount a bicycle and start another six-day race, his ninetieth. Most of his competitors will be young enough to be his sons, and the chances are that he and his partner will beat most of them, if not all. He won a six-day race in Cleveland last month. It was the seventeenth time he had been first. He's also been second in eight races, third in fourteen, and fourth in nine. He wears a No. 1 on the back of his black jersey, intended to symbolize that he's the No. 1 man of all time in cycling. He holds the records for the mile and the five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five miles. He made most of them in 1916, when he rode the mile in 1:45, which is faster than you can legally drive an automobile in the state of Massachusetts today. He can still do a mile in 1:50, and probably travel at a fast clip longer than any other rider in the world. Which world he has raced practically all over, starting in New South Wales when he was fourteen. He won his first six-day race in Sydney, in 1913, just before he came to the United States.

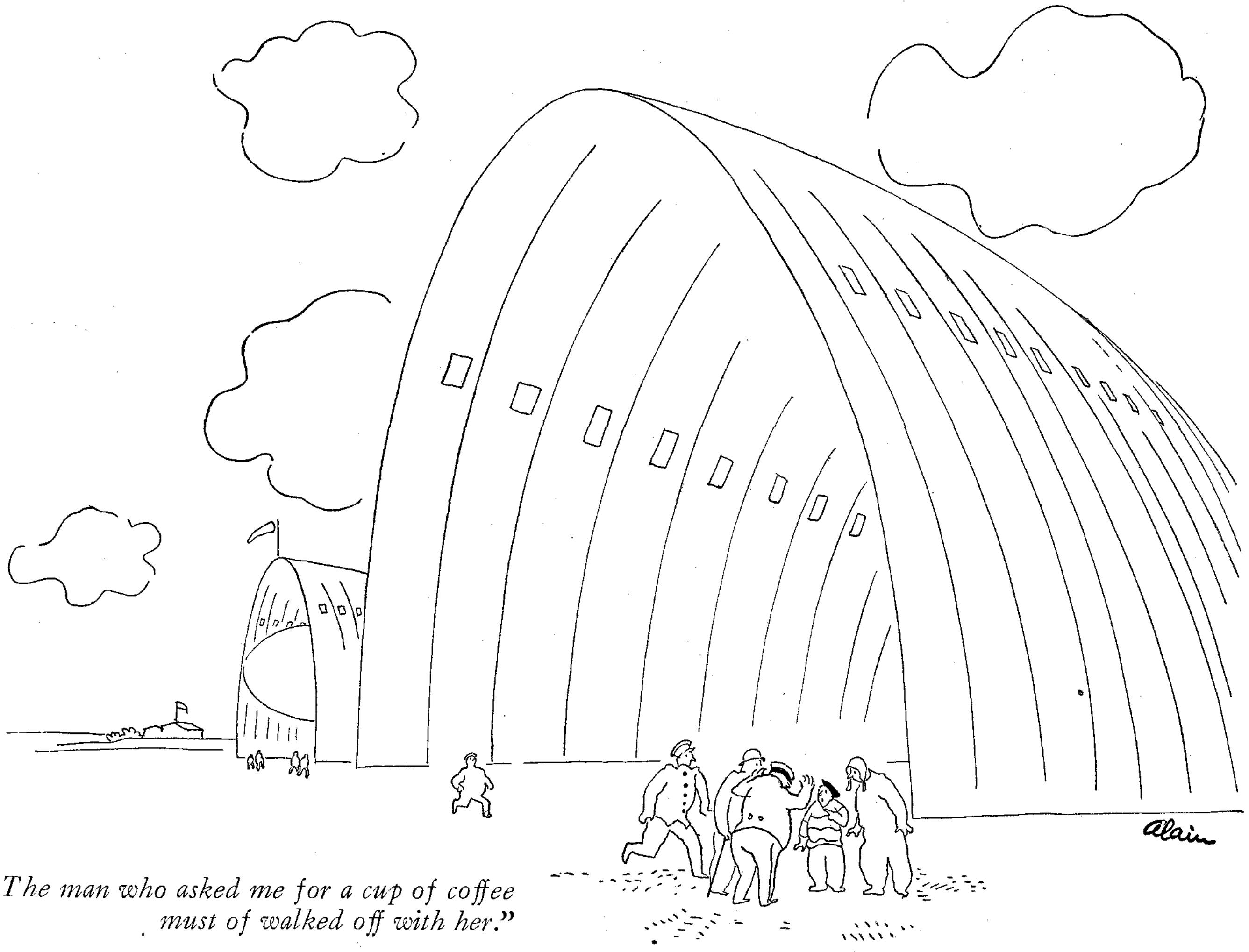
In the course of his career, McNamara has had many nasty spills. His skull has been fractured, all of his ribs have been broken at least once, both his arms have been broken, and he has suffered a broken nose seven times and broken collarbones seven times. One thing the crowd loves him for is the way he comes back, all bandaged, and goes on riding. The skull fracture led to his marriage, his wife being the nurse at that sick bed. They have two daughters, eighteen and sixteen. Mother and the girls always attend the finishes; on their other visits, they usually bring a roast chicken to vary the usual steak-and-chop diet. Mrs. McN. rather wishes her husband would quit racing before he gets seriously hurt.

All riders eat a lot during a grind; five pounds of steak and, say, twenty chops a day. Some of them may gain weight in a race, which is the legend, but McNamara goes in at 175 and ends at 165. He rides with a piece of meat in his mouth. Keeps the mouth moist. Whatever happens during a race, he sleeps two and a half hours solid every morning. He believes this one of the chief reasons for his success. He always goes to sleep as soon as he gets off the bike; no tossing about. He trains a month for each race, walking one day with a Scotty and riding the next, and sleeping eleven hours of the twenty-four. His dissipation is playing pinochle at the Cycle Racing Association clubrooms in Newark. He has won races with many partners, and most fans think he has made riders of a lot of youngsters. He's paternal about the business, and in the early-morning hours, when there isn't much of a crowd, will ride around giving all the young riders advice. He plans to go on five years more and then open a track of his own or a sports shop. Says bicycling keeps him young, and that if women would ride they wouldn't have any reducing problems. When he was a boy in Australia, everybody rode a bike, he says, including all of his thirteen brothers and sisters on the parental ranch.

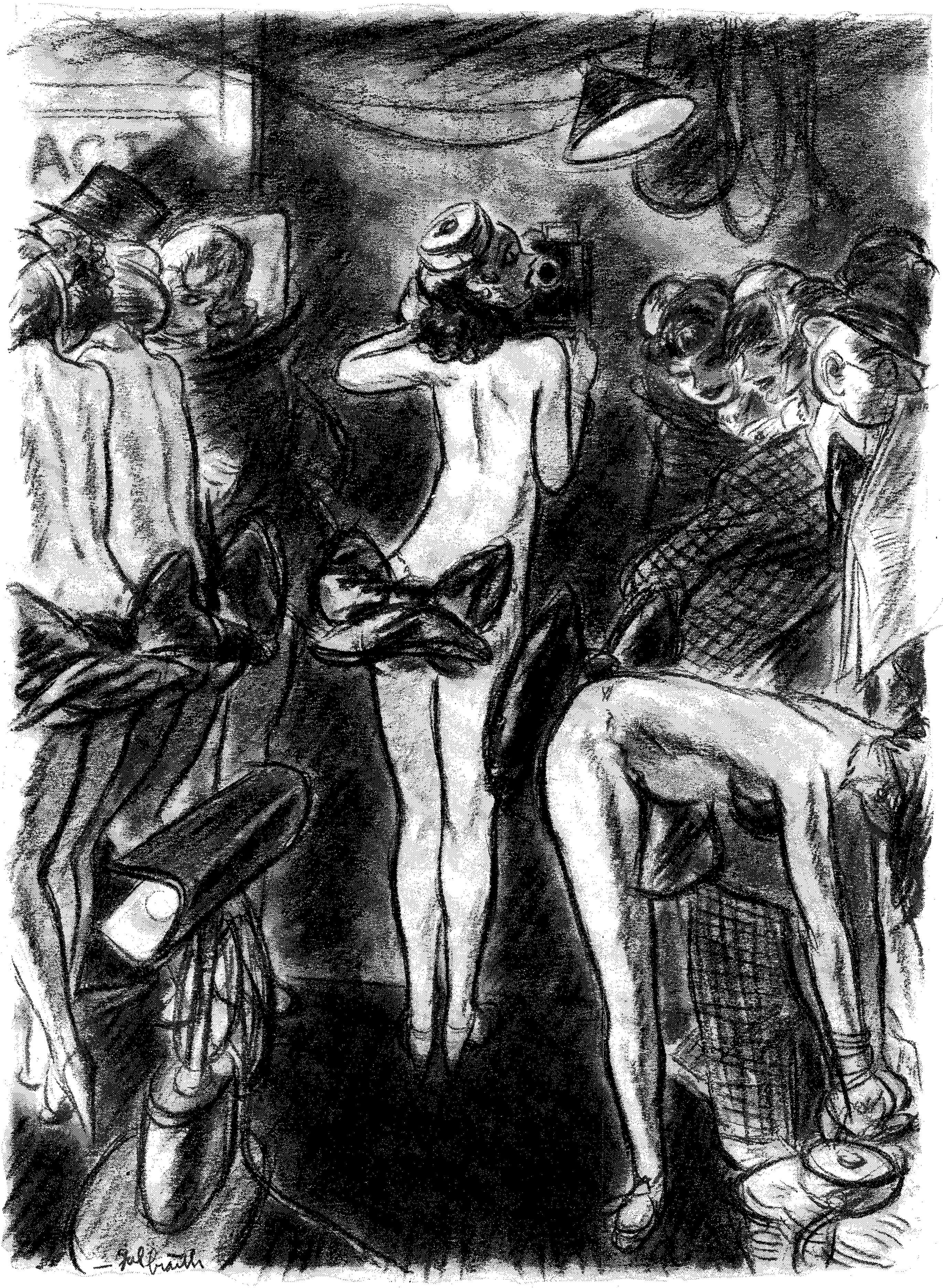
Decline

ONE of our surface-car reporters notifies us of a little happening on an Eighth Street crosstown. In one corner of the car sat an oldish man who talked to himself a good deal, his head occasionally rolling about. Everybody was generally agreed that he had been drinking. When the car stopped opposite Wanamaker's, the conductor leaned in and yelled "Broadway!" The elderly man stood up. "But *not* the Broadway of Lillian Russell!" he shouted back. He waved one hand generously and sat down.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"The man who asked me for a cup of coffee must of walked off with her."



"*Then if she starts to cry, warm up her two-o'clock bottle.*"

DESIGN FOR REVOLUTION

THERE are several ways of slipping propaganda across the footlights, most of them bad.

There is, first, the Big Bertha attack, in which the propaganda is wadded up in large balls, loaded into cannons, and shot directly at the heads of the audience, aimed by characters called Mr. Naughtymans, Alfred Honesty, and Ima Goodgirl. In this form, no attempt is made to give the thing even the appearance of a play. You just sit up very straight and take it—or you don't.

Or you may write a play which seems just like an ordinary bad play up until the end of the second act, at which point one of your characters stands in front of a red-isinglass fire and delivers a long speech to several acutely disinterested colleagues, in which the "nub" of the theme is divulged. Nobody has ever stayed for the third act of one of these plays, so there is no telling what happens then.

And, lastly, the author may go right on through his play without actual reference to the thesis, except to make nice people of all his characters who wear double-breasted suits and rotters of all those who wear single-breasted; so that, after you have got home and are picking at a dish of cold *haricots verts* in the icebox, a great light dawns on you and you suddenly cry out: "By the Lord Harry! What he was getting at was that single-breasted suits are the cause of all the misery in the world!" And, even when you have seen the whole thing as clear as daylight, you go right on picking at the *haricots verts*, for it is never a very important point.

NOEL COWARD does not always have propaganda to get across the footlights, but what he does have he wafts out in imperceptible wisps of dialogue. Gradually, after seeing "Design for Living," one realizes that what Mr. Coward was saying was that Sex isn't Everything.

Elmer Rice, in "We, the People," had so much propaganda to get across that motor lorries were rumbling up all during the play bringing fresh ammunition for the barrage, with the result that, by the time the audience got home, it was bleeding and shell-shocked and pretty much fed up with Humanity and its Troubles.

Now, if Mr. Coward had been moved by the same high motives as those which stirred Mr. Rice to shake the Social and Economic Order to its very foundations, we might have had a propaganda play which would have amused, and at the same time aroused, the Public Conscience.

Such as:

DESIGN FOR REVOLUTION

[ACT I]

[The scene is Norman's two-room converted stable in Leeming Mews. A meagre silver tea service, with crumbs of Fortnum & Mason digestive biscuits, gives indication of recent attempts at genteel entertainment in the face of the Depression, with remnants of Martinis in the other corner for those who preferred them. Remnants of those who preferred them are in all corners.

[At the rise of the curtain, Norman is discovered writing little notes of regret to those guests who failed to show up. The door opens and Basil enters. Both Norman and Basil are young men who might be thirty and, as a matter of fact, are twenty-nine and thirty-one, respectively. Each is obviously depressed.]

NORMAN [without looking up]—Hello!

BASIL [without looking down]—Did you *have* to say that?

NORMAN—I gather that you didn't have your nap today. If you are going to have a *crise*, don't have it in here. Things are messy enough already.

BASIL—I am *not* going to have a *crise*, but I may flounce about a bit and crash into furniture.

NORMAN—Nothing organic, I trust.

BASIL—Nothing more organic than malnutrition ending in absolute starvation. I've been fired!

NORMAN [bursting into gales of laughter]—Priceless! How can one be fired from an interior-decorating establishment? Given a sabbatical year, perhaps, but not fired.

BASIL [draining the remnants of three Martinis]—Call it what you will, we are in a pretty pickle.

NORMAN—They have some of the prettiest pickles you ever saw at Crosse & Blackwell's today. Green, with *just* a suggestion of orchid in them.

BASIL—Aren't you being just a wee bit offensive?

NORMAN—I see nothing offensive in the mention of green pickles with just a suggestion of orchid in them. I see Life, and Love, and the Wind on the Heath. I see a dark man with money—

[There is the sound of somebody coming down the stairs, which, in a house the size of those in Leeming Mews, is an event to be coped with. Myra appears, fresh from a nap brought on by too much Italian vermouth.]

MYRA [from the stairs]—A dark man with money? I saw a dark man with money once. It was when I was a little girl, and he came to the rectory one afternoon to see about abducting me.

NORMAN—You were a fool to let him slip through your fingers. We could have used him this very minute. Basil has just lost his job at the interior-decorating plant.

MYRA—I suppose that means worse than death for me, doesn't it? When do I start?

BASIL—Hold yourself in check, please, Myra. Life isn't all beer and skittles, you know.

NORMAN—Isn't that just like a woman? Always thinking of herself first.

BASIL—It is all very well for you two to sit here building air castles. I must be off. There is a mass meeting of the former employees tonight in Hyde Park. Cocktails at eight, incendiary speeches at nine-thirty sharp. The Revolution is on, although you may not know it.

NORMAN—Well, you surely aren't going to the Revolution in that old brown tweed coat, I hope. Think of Myra and me a little. It would just reflect back on us.

MYRA—Are you going to make an incendiary speech, Basil?

BASIL—I am. Incendiary as hell.

MYRA—Let's hear it now. Just run over it for us.

NORMAN—I've got a couple of good stories for you to lead off with. The man in the hat store. Remember that?

BASIL [going to the door which leads out into the Mews and standing with his back to it]—I do not need any stories, thank you very much. The economic order of the world is tottering, and you ply me with stories. Gather together the crumbs of your digestive biscuits, for you will need them before this night's work is over. By morning, the butterflies of the world, of which you are two of the least prepossessing, will be lying about in the streets with their pretty wings crushed. As for me, I am off to Hyde Park and the New World.

MYRA [runs to Basil and lays her hand on his arm]—Wait for me, darling.

NORMAN [aghast]—Myra! Are you gone completely mad?

MYRA—Mad, I grant you! Mad clean through! Mad as a hornet! Just stack the cocktail glasses in the sink, Norman dear. Mrs. 'Enderson will do them in the morning. And you may sleep in *both* beds tonight. Basil and I will not be back.

[Myra and Basil rush out, leaving Norman rolling on the floor with laughter and one of the guests, who has been awakened by the noise.]

[END OF ACT I]

The rest of our propaganda play we can work out at rehearsals. But surely this sort of technique (if Mr. Coward could be induced to join the movement) would draw better houses than Mr. Rice's and would eventually convince more people who ought to be convinced. At any rate, they would have got their money's worth in the theatre.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

HER LITTLE KINGDOM

THE child Phyllis has a Room of Her Own. She always has had, as a matter of fact. In the naïve, or Dr. Holt, period of family life we just thought it was handier and neater for a person of ten to have a bed, bureau, and the rest of it, in a separate compartment. But last fall we were inducted by earnest friends into the advanced, or Adlerian, phase. A child, we learned, should have a room where her own personal taste, her growing feeling for what was beautiful and necessary for her, her (in fact) will to power, could flourish untrammeled by adult opinion and the pressure of adult living. Her little kingdom of peace.

We listened to a lot of words like "method" and "result" and "process." It is difficult these days to tell from their vocabularies whether people are kodak fanatics or parents. Well, we thought, anyway she has the room and if redecorating it for her will help her to solve life's major problems as they come along, who are we to deny her will to power a place to stretch itself in? We meant to do it right, too. No imposing the adult taste on her childish gropings toward beauty. The room should be her own creation, and once under way she should be given an absolutely free hand to develop her ideas further around her fundamental conception. We were, in short, in that early-fall state peculiar to parents: full of other people's ideas.

THE week she came back from camp we let her in on the plan. She could, we announced, choose new paper and furniture, and everything, for her room. We'd set out that afternoon and get it. The paper first. And all her own choice. She must, we told her tenderly, take her time.

She did. We got to the wallpaper place at two, and by four-thirty the choice had narrowed down to ten papers, with the exception of one book of samples on the top shelf, which the salesman, evidently not conversant himself with the new psychology, refused with great firmness to climb up for and bring down. They were, he assured her, dining-room papers. She wouldn't like them.

"*Maybe* I would. I can't tell," she said, peering upward.

The wilting salesman waved before her eyes a Kate Greenaway paper, as one who distracts the attention of a menacing bull. Didn't she think this was lovely? All those children?

She did not. It was too baby.

Then this pretty flowered one?

All those little squiggles? They didn't look much like flowers to her.

At four forty-five she was brooding morosely between a paper on whose gold background were strewn a series of Kubla Khanish pleasure domes, and one along whose pale green paths wandered pale pink Pompadours.

"Which do *you* think, Mum?"

Sticking to the Adlerian guns, we said it was her room, not ours. And privately thanked God. The salesman remarked grimly that they closed at five. Well, said Phyllis, she didn't know. She'd *like* to see that book of samples up there . . . But of course if he didn't want to get them down . . . Sales sense obviously battling with infanticide, the man struggled down the one unexplored book of samples left in the sizeable store.

And there, sure enough, was the paper Phyllis had been looking for for three hours. We must say we didn't

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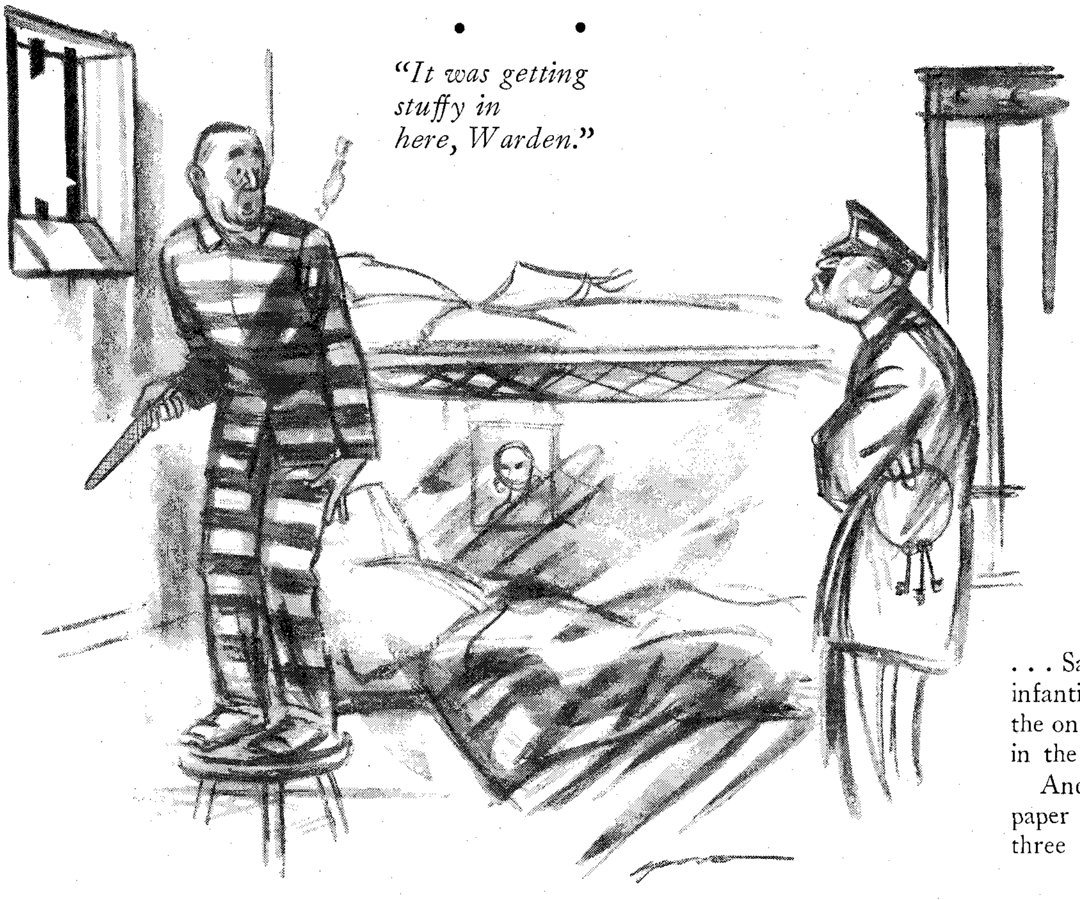
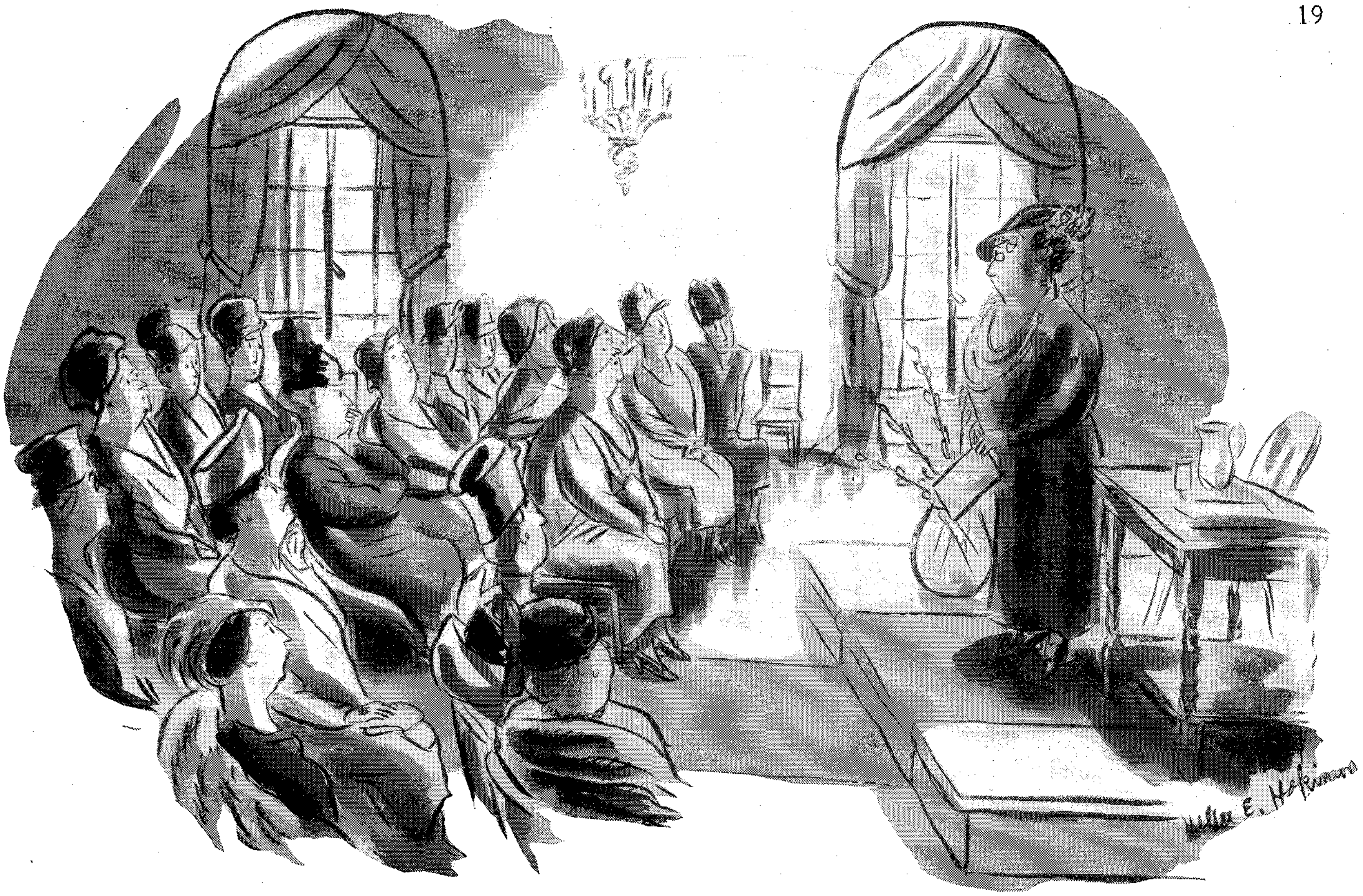


"It was getting stuffy in here, Warden."



"Now, that leaves three members not serving on committees."

• •

recognize it at once, but she did. Very large pine trees, through which rode, without regard for perspective or the laws of gravity, only slightly smaller huntsmen, whose extremely red coats made a dashing contrast to the extremely brown horses and hounds. Phyllis was sure that here was her personality all stamped out in rolls. The salesman made a rapid *volte-face*, to the effect that although he had called this a dining-room paper his mature judgment was that it was undoubtedly designed for the bedroom of a young lady.

THE little kingdom is not the largest room in the apartment. With the best will in the world the paper-hanger was forced to terminate the gallop of several members of the hunt in painful mid-career. The pattern turned out to be even larger than the sample had given us to fear. "Yoicks!" said Henry when he first saw it. But Phyllis explained that it wasn't so much the *hunting* part—it was the trees she liked. They made her think of camp. So the room was carried out in Camp Period. The furniture was painted a utilitarian green, to withstand any sudden forest storm which might sweep through the walls of the apartment house. The rugs were Neo-Indian in feeling. Phyllis just loved it, she said. We ourselves experienced secret qualms. If this was the setting for her personality, she was evidently going to be something earnest and weather-beaten: Osa Johnson, or a female Baden-Powell.

THEN, just after Christmas, the Hollywood Period set in. Pages from the more flamboyant movie magazines were thumbtacked to the walls, with arresting results. In the course of a few weeks the huntsmen all had practically life-size heads. Lupe Velez and Charlie Chaplin gave chase through the impossible forest behind nightmare hounds who were Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ruth Chatterton, complete with long brown tails. Phyllis was unhappy about the rugs. They did look a little over-wholesome in contrast to some of the groups, which were distinctly boudoir. An enormously smiling Maurice Chevalier, with autograph, occupied several square feet above the bed. We stuck grimly to the non-interference policy until a sheet, gummed with shellac for silver-screen purposes, was fastened to the largest wall. It was, Phyllis explained, so they could project pictures with Cathie Fuller's new movie machine. They had a Girl Fans Club. We got in our protest too late. The Girl Fans had glued the screen firmly and permanently over twenty-five dollars' or so worth of pink coats.

Those were the days when we worried about the influence of the movies, and said things about when *we* were young we never—with the exception of Maude Adams, perhaps. The ceremony of saying good night to Phyllis was carried on in the atmosphere of a first night at Graumont's Chinese Theatre. You could hardly tell if you were tucking the sheets around a little girl or Mr. Lubitsch. And then, just after Cathie's machine blew up and scorched a good bit of the paint off the obsolete Camp Period furniture, the tide turned.

During the Easter holidays Phyllis was taken to a couple of musical comedies, and spent a good deal of time at the Fullers'. The oldest Fuller girl was in the process of getting together equipment for a spectacularly opulent marriage. We should, Phyllis said, see her underwear. Just lace and teeny pieces of chiffon. And the furniture for her new house . . .

The huntsmen emerged to face an

Elizabeth Ardenesque world, tempered with Ziegfeld tendencies. Couldn't the room be repapered, please? All those old horses and things. They looked terrible. Out of her allowance she bought organdie curtains of a determined pinkness. The Bennett sisters disappeared in favor of a chromium giraffe, several glass animals, and a number of pillows lavishly covered with near-lace and pink satin roses. She *loved* pink. Couldn't the radiators be pink? We thought not. But she took it into her own hands. A good deal can be done with a quart of old-rose enamel on a rainy Saturday. The radiators came out pretty well, but the furniture was a strange mottled stickiness, and the rugs were not improved. We forgot all about Adler. And then she cried. We *said* she could have her room the way she wanted it, didn't we? Well, she wanted it all pretty. And it was such a mess now! There we agreed with her. Couldn't we help her get it pretty? We became a little confused. Maybe she was just beginning to be feminine. . . . She sensed that we were mellowing, and announced that for months her sole desire had been a pink velvet carpet. One that would cover the whole floor. Look, she said, she'd take her savings account and buy some things for her room herself. She wanted it to be all pink. Margie Fuller's was. It would be so pretty. Particularly the carpet. She did so want it to be pretty and—you know. Pretty.

THE next day she went away to spend the weekend with a friend in Connecticut. We inspected the little kingdom dispassionately. Expression of personality was there all right, in geological strata, as it were. The huntsmen were even less appealing in their used condition than they had been when they undertook the chase in October. One Marlene Dietrich had been stuck on too hard to be pried entirely loose. With her remaining eye she ogled an overlooked Lawrence Tibbett and a Czechoslovakian animal of the genre inaccurately described as amusing. The remains of the silver screen were a definite decorating problem. Something, obviously, had to be done.

Warming up to it, we had gone completely Kathleen Norris by the time Phyllis returned. One was, we decided with rare penetration, only young once. If her budding womanhood craved a pink setting, even a pink velvet carpet might be managed. We went to tell her about it. And found her standing in the middle of the little kingdom with a tape measure in her hand, and enthusiasm sparkling from her appraising eye.

"Mum," she said, "I'm going to raise white rats. Milly does. And she's going to give me a pair to start off with. She keeps hers in her room, and so am I. They have to have wooden boxes, with lots of sawdust in, and cotton for the babies. They just have millions of babies. I was thinking I'd put the boxes here, along the wall. I'm going to get them now, because Milly is bringing my rats in to school tomorrow. She—"

Feebly, we murmured something about a pink velvet carpet.

"Velvet carpet?" Her gaze was vague and uncomprehending. Then—

"Oh," she said largely, "you don't want stuff like that when you're raising rats. I'm going to take these old rugs up, even. Because they want to run around and get some exercise. Milly's do. I'll just shove the bureau over there, because the babies can't be in a draft . . ."

She forgot us, wrapped in her plans. As we left the little kingdom, she was speculating if maybe it wouldn't be good to have a few white mice, too. They were easier to train, and smaller, so you could have more of them.

—FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

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PRELUDE

Where we were walking in the day's light, seeing
the flight of bones to the stars, the voyage of dead men—
those who go forth like leaves on the air
in the long journey, those who are swept
on the last current, the cold and shoreless ones,
who do not speak, do not answer, have no names,
nor are assembled again by any thought, but voyage
in the wide circle, the great circle:

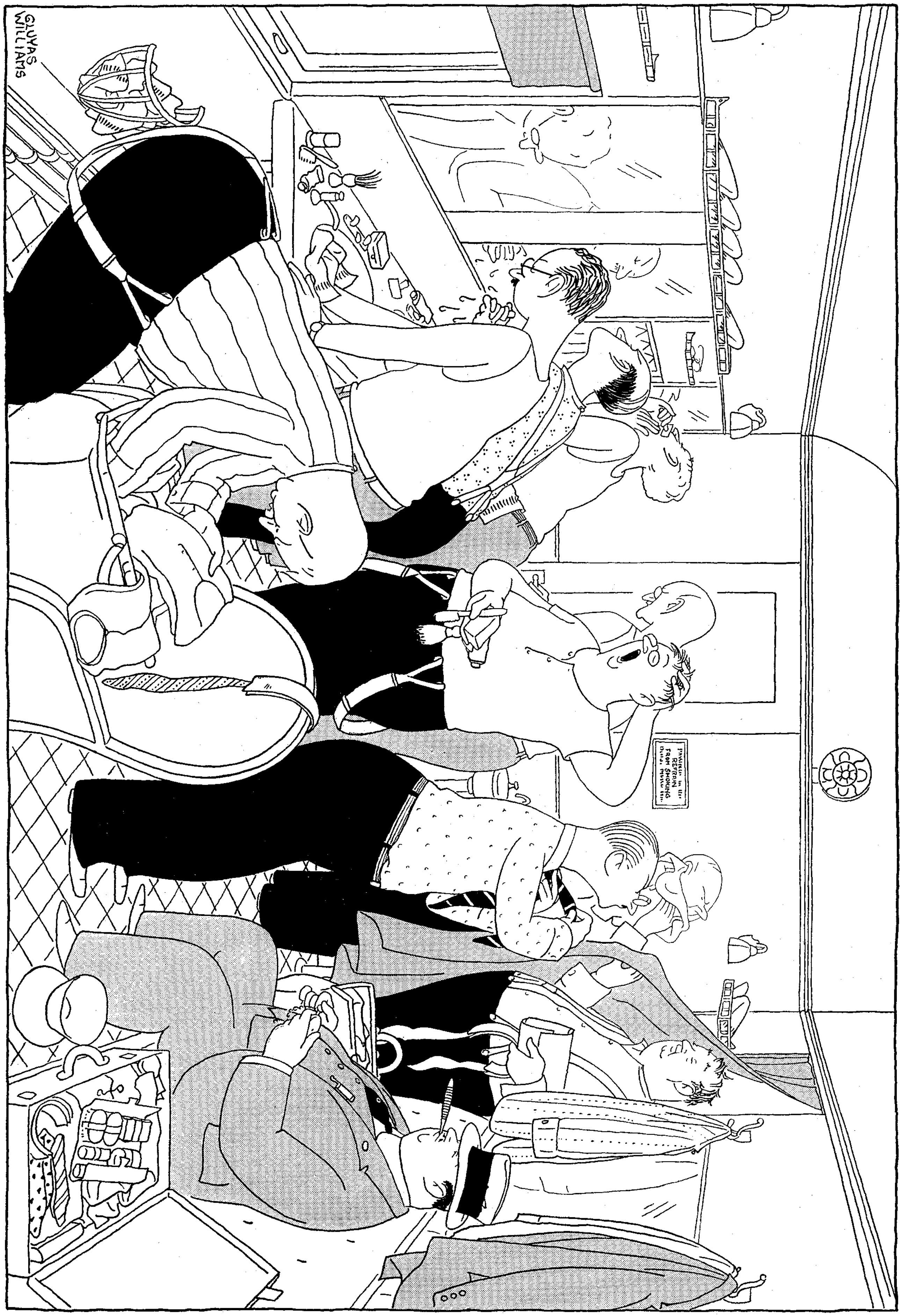
Where we were talking, in the day's light, watching
(even as I took your hand, even as I kissed you)
ah the unspeakable voyage of the dead men—
those who go up from the grass without laughter,
who take leave of the wheat and water without speech,
who pass us without memory and without murmur,
as they begin the endless voyage:

Where we stood,
in the little round of colour, perilously poised,
in the bright instant between two instant deaths,
whispering yes, whispering no, greeting and permitting,
touching and recalling, and with our eyes
looking into the past, to see if there the future
might grow like a leaf, or grow like a bough with flowers,
might grow like a tree with beneficent shade:

But what delight that was, O Wave who broke
out of the long dark nothing against my breast!
you who lifted me violently so that we rose together!
what delight that was, in the clear instant,
even as we shone thus, the first, the last,
to see the flight of bones, the everlasting,
the noiseless unhurrying flight
of the cold and shoreless ones, the ones who no more
answer to any names, whose voyage in space
does not remember the earth or stars,
nor is recalled by any spider, or any flower,
the joyless and deathless dancers!

Speak once, speak twice,
before we join them, lady, and speak no more.

—CONRAD AIKEN

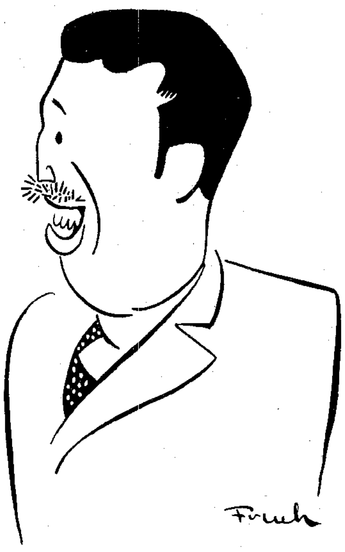

GLUYAS WILLIAMS
REFRAIN
FROM SMOKING

FELLOW CITIZENS

Morning on the Midnight

PROFILES

THE LONG ROAD TO ROXY



Donald Deskey

DURING the theatrical season of 1930-31, it was almost impossible to go to a modern play without seeing on the stage a peculiar-looking chair whose back and seat (both, apparently, too small) were fitted with green or black leather and set on a tubular steel frame, so that the whole thing looked like a formalized figure five with the top stroke omitted. Once in a while a character actually sat in one of these chairs, gingerly; chiefly, they were used to indicate that the play involved people who were "modern." The chair, as it happened, was actually comfortable and was certainly not extreme. Producers used it freely because it was made in quantity production, and therefore cost less than the special pieces made by designers one at a time. It was manufactured by an entirely conventional maker of furniture near Grand Rapids and it was designed by Donald Deskey.

It is not surprising that a man who created modern furniture for Grand Rapids to make and sell should have been chosen to design the decorations for the International Music Hall, intended to be the most popular theatre in the world. The mystery is that this particular man should ever have designed anything at all, for until he was nearly thirty, Deskey's connection with art was either that of an amateur or of an advertising man, and the future he looked forward to was that of a sound and energetic American man of business. If he had not been by nature something of a tramp, he might have been chosen to do advertising for Roxy's theatre, instead of designing.

His vagabondage began promptly on the night in 1912 when he graduated from high school in the town of his birth, Blue Earth, Minnesota, when, being eighteen years old, he left the Middle West and headed for California. Thereafter for six or seven years he jumped from place to place as he jumped from job to job. Occasionally he was thrown out of work because a job was completed. Usually he quit because he wanted to do something else, although he seldom had anything definite in view. He began in Los Angeles as a timekeeper for structural-steel workers and plasterers and soon moved on, for no special reason except that the work did not interest him, to being first a guide through the giant sequoias of the Muir woods, across San Francisco Bay, and later a bartender at the tourist hotel there. While he worked, he studied, and had passed the entrance examinations of the University of California and was studying architecture when the war interrupted him. He became a master gunner, but was never sent overseas, and when he was discharged did not return to architecture but began taking jobs again.

He resigned as a helper to ship-fitters and riveters in the Oakland yards because the noise deafened him. Looking for work which would combine a salary with an opportunity for travel, he took the Civil Service examinations and emerged a junior highway engineer. He had been building roads for only a few months when, wandering through the streets of San Francisco, he saw, for the first time, modern painting, the backwash of the Armory show of 1913. He had heard of Gauguin, too, so he determined to become a painter and go to the South Seas; but his inability to stay in one place prevented that, for he did not wait idly for his boat but went south as far as Tijuana, where he lost all his money on the races. Reluctantly he went back to work, this time as a map draughtsman on the Colorado River Indian Reservation Dam, at two hundred dollars a month and his keep. He was considered artistic because he washed the outside of his frying pan, and his efforts to be tough and Western were not successful. When the job ended, he bought a horse for five dollars, prospected for silver, found none in the mines deserted years before, and, after working on motor-truck designing for Standard Oil in San Francisco, suddenly shifted to Portland, where he turned himself into an artist, with a studio, ideas on modern painting, and even a few pupils.

UP to this time he had worked and wandered, but he hadn't yet seen all the country he wanted to, so he gave up work and proceeded merely to wander, beginning by the process, familiar in the West at that time, of "shipping out." On a street usually known as Skid Row in most large cities stood dozens of crooked employment agencies and dozens of pawnshops; you went to one of the latter and bought a bundle which was wrapped to look like a roll of blankets, but actually contained rags or paper. The possession of this was necessary before you could get a transportation order; it was supposed to prove that you had your own bedding and were therefore a sufficiently responsible person to hire. Next you went to an agency, showed your bundle, paid a fee, and got a railway ticket paid for by a construction camp anxious to get good workmen. Subsequently, of course, you left the train wherever you pleased. For Deskey this was a start at tramping in the manner of Jack London, and in several months he saw the scenery of all the Northwest, riding on a cowcatcher in the dead of night through the tunnel country of Montana, chumming with a holdup man until he found out his profession, sneaking into the great Speculator Mine to see how it worked when it was being guarded against "wobblies," fighting sleep on the flat tops of freight cars, and finally landing in Milwaukee, where he visited the Art Museum and took a boat for Chicago.

I have mentioned only the jobs which lasted more than a few weeks. Between them, Deskey worked in lumber and mining camps, fired a tugboat in San Francisco Bay, jerked soda at Oakland, and tried house-to-house selling, at which he was too inept even to sell so staple an article as a Kodak. Two things he had not done: panhandled and washed dishes. When he arrived in Chicago in 1920, he was penniless and hungry; he got the promise of a job as dishwasher, to begin at noon. He never returned. Before noon he had found something else to do, and was started on his second career.

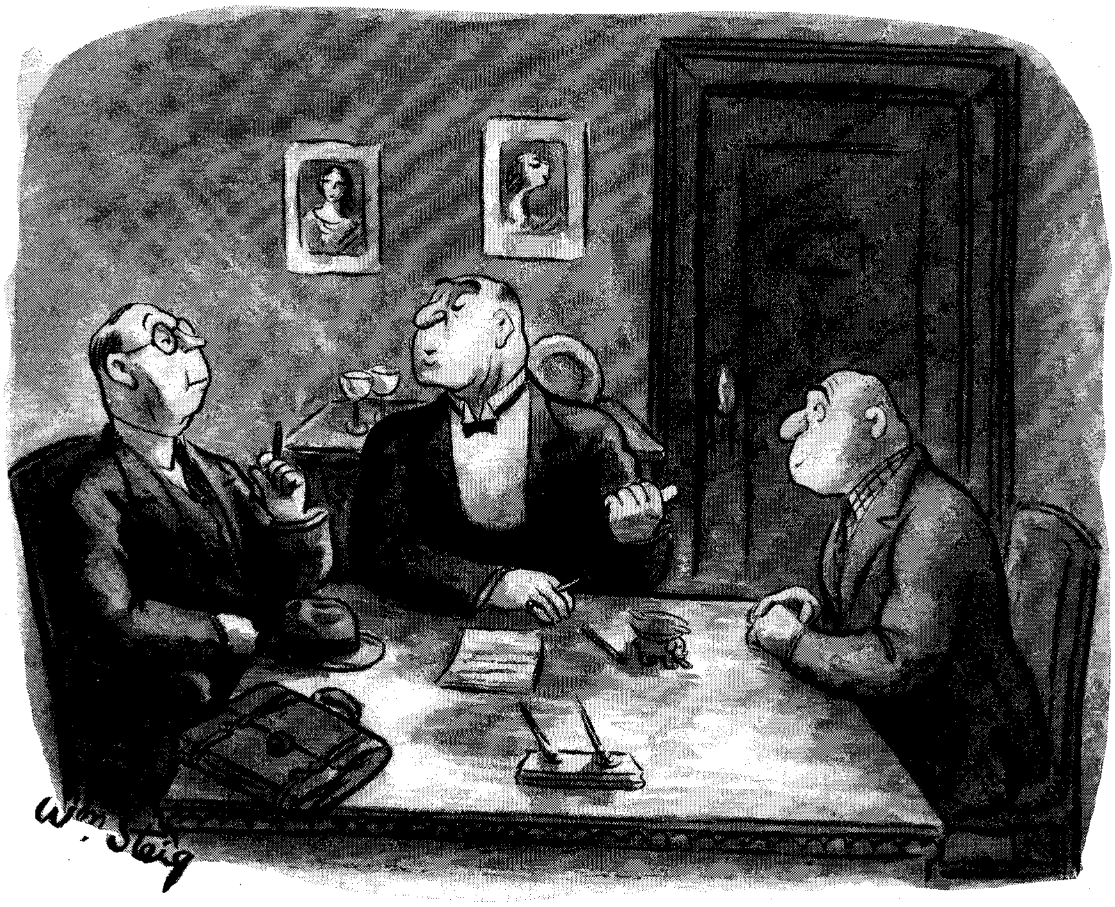
He had heard that an art school

needed a monitor, but got there too late; the head of the school gave him a card to an advertising agency. Somewhere in his wanderings, Deskey had picked up a smattering of lithography and had listened to lectures on the psychology of advertising; so he was made efficiency expert for the agency at fifteen dollars a week. When the week was over, he was promoted to the position of salesman, at thirty dollars. His nerve failed; it took him hours on the sidewalk before he could enter an office building soliciting. When he got an order—his only one—he thought he had to do all the work himself, and designed, illustrated, and wrote an advertising booklet for a manufacturer of concrete-mixing machinery, so in the third week he was made an executive at forty-five dollars a week. He kept this job for nearly half a year.

In 1921, a depression year, he felt that he could conquer New York, and proudly took an extra-fare train to show that he was done with tramping. His first work here was the designing of Goodwill Stuffers—cards bearing brisk aphorisms in praise of loyalty and punctuality, which were to be inserted in workers' pay envelopes. When these turned out to be unprofitable, he got a job with a lithographer and was fired because he was a bad salesman and his designs were too much influenced by the moderns, particularly by the striking poster artists of Vienna. With another man, he founded an advertising service and for two years worked all day and almost all night, going out to Westchester to paint on Sundays and trying to get in a few days a month at the Art Students' League. At the end of that time he was earning twelve thousand dollars a year and had offers of jobs in publicity and advertising from the Guardian Life Insurance Company and Henry L. Doherty's Cities Service utilities. So, characteristically, he went to Paris to study art. His business acumen may be judged from the fact that he left an actor to collect the debts owing to him; they amounted to some five thousand dollars and the actor collected, and forwarded, about two hundred dollars.

Deskey was nearly thirty years old and as footloose as he had been at twenty, with this difference: that now he knew that he could make his way in the world. Apparently he did not know how he wished to make it, for he had gone to Paris to study "art" more or less as a general subject, with interest divided among painting, architecture, and decoration. Yet, as soon as winter set in, he was off to Marseilles on his way to India; he thought it would be fun to get a job—any job—on a boat and go east of Suez. Marseilles was full of able-bodied seamen with the same idea, so Deskey went to Nice, where he painted seriously, and on a side trip to Monte Carlo worked out a system which ruined him; a fellow-gambler helped him until a remittance came from America, and Deskey returned to Paris. On his first visit there, while he was looking for a room, a French landlady called a young American girl to interpret; she, a music student named Mary Campbell Douthett, had given Deskey tea and they had met a few times. They celebrated his return to Paris and decided to get married. They married in 1923, and that autumn both returned to this country to teach at Juniata College in Pennsylvania, she in the music department and he in art, which included the history and practice of painting, posters, advertising, fabric design, and related subjects. In addition he did publicity for the college and helped build up the football team until its games became news in the Eastern papers. At Juniata, Deskey developed his own theories of art, elaborating a series of tests out of which he learned only that the more intelligent students favored good design and disliked conspicuously bad design.

During his professorial career, Deskey had time to paint, and the lovely valley of the Juniata appeared in dozens of canvases at a one-man show in Pittsburgh; some sold for as high as three hundred dollars apiece. They were good academic paintings with a lively sense of color; while he was doing them, he was

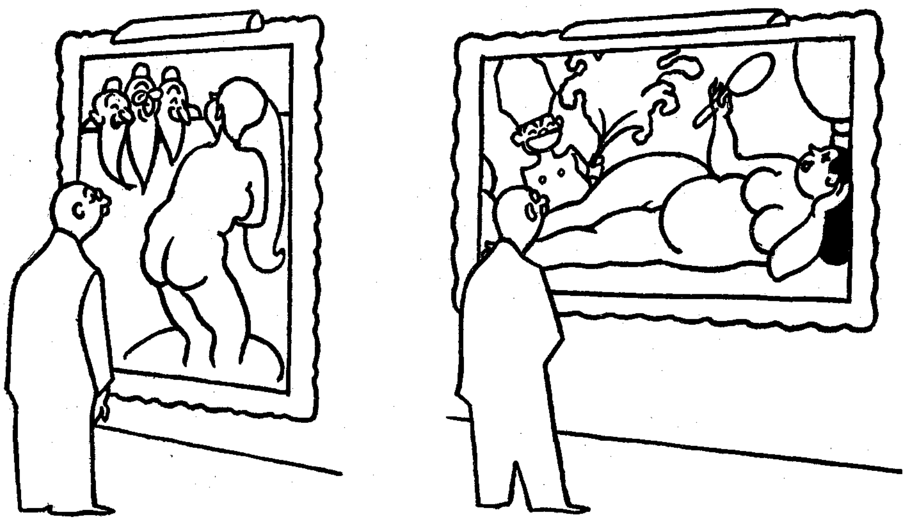


"*I want twenty thousand life on Gus, here.*"

also painting under the inspiration of the Cubists. In 1925, both Deskeys gave up their jobs and went to Paris again; he had heard of the Exposition of Decorative Arts and wanted to see what was going on. While there, he kept up his painting; one day he repeated his landscape of the Juniata and sent it to the Salon; the next day he did a highly modernistic picture of the same subject for the Indépendants. The Salon gave him an honorable mention; the Indépendants rejected his offering.

Nineteen-twenty-six was a propitious year for a decorative artist and industrial designer aware of ideas current in Europe and full of enthusiasm to return to America. Joseph Urban and Paul Frankl had shown their designs; commerce was going in for art; and a boom time was coming. Deskey's first success was with screens; Frankl ordered some from him; one appeared in the background of a window at Saks-Fifth Avenue; presently, Deskey designed for Franklin Simon the first complete modern windows, using corrugated and galvanized iron, copper, and brass. In 1927 he did the cork-and-metal windows at Saks; for Adam Gimbel, president of Saks, he designed an apartment, one room of which had cork walls, copper ceiling, linoleum floor, pigskin chairs, and metal trim; the living-room had walls of transite (an asbestos compound) and aluminum; the hall was of stainless steel and vitrolite. These were the first rooms done entirely in metal and industrial materials in America; six years later, they are still being photographed as examples of modern design.

Deskey is not a pioneer in designing furniture; his chief contribution lies in this: that he quickly saw the possibility of producing and selling modern furniture by modern methods and, being neither extravagant nor freakish, could persuade manufacturers to try tubular steel with wicker and leather. He has designed beautiful single pieces, but fundamentally he believes in the union of the craftsman and the manufacturer and sees no reason for hostility between them. So, with Frankl, Lucian Bernhard, and others, he founded the American Union of Decorative Artists and Craftsmen, and at about the same time helped establish the American Designers Gallery as a connecting link between the artist and the manufacturer. He himself has worked on textiles, lighting fixtures, slot machines, wallpaper, and combs, brushes, and mirrors. Once he was invited to become consultant on airplane interiors; as the designs already approved were all Queen Anne, he refused the job.



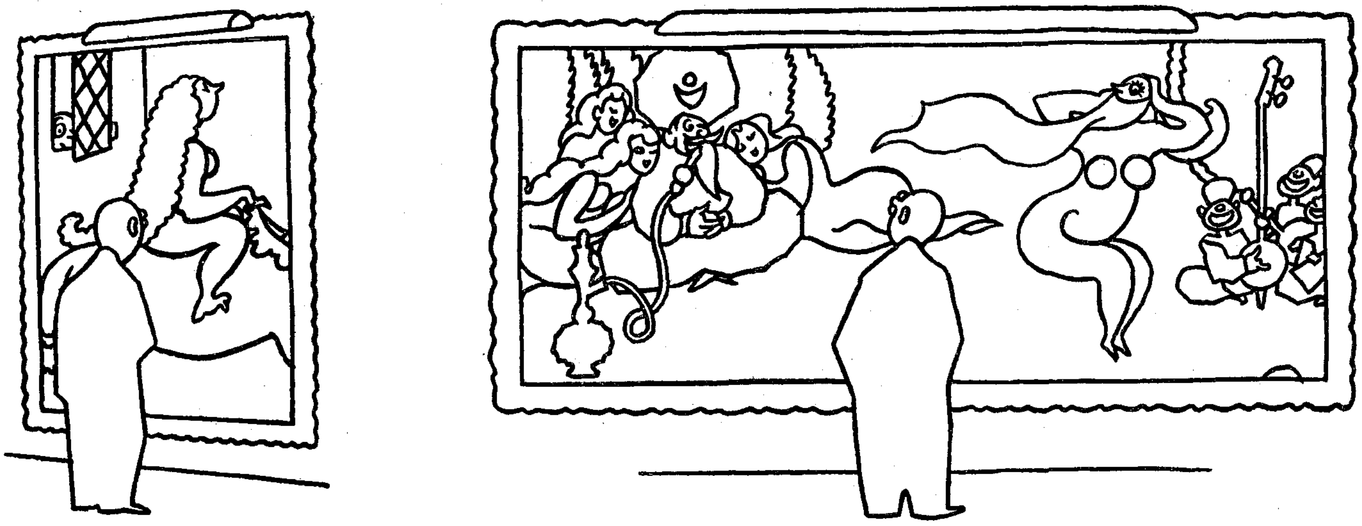
The man who understood symbolism

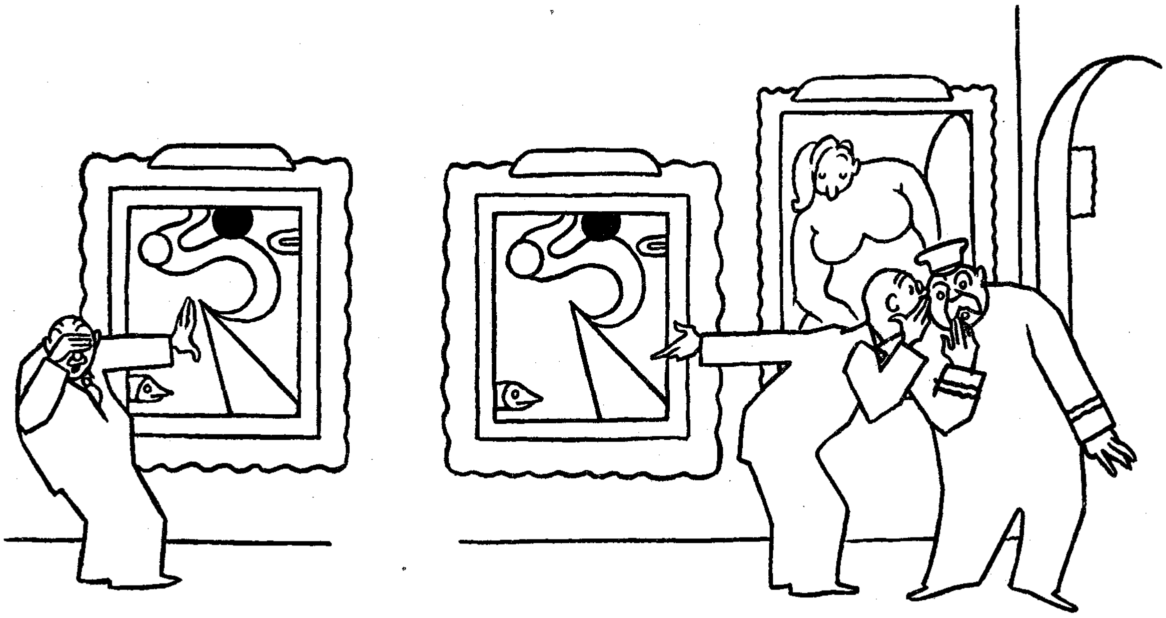
• •

He was, however, consultant for a number of manufacturers at retainers he considered huge, and had visions of retiring because he had a few other projects in mind. The crash of 1929 was serious for him, as it was for everyone who hadn't established himself over a long period of years. He had one son then (he now has a second) and it didn't seem advisable to start wandering again; he stuck to his work. The momentum of 1929 carried his lamps and textiles into many shops and homes. In 1930 he did a picture gallery, ceramic room, and print room for John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, home on West Fifty-fourth Street, using neutral gray walls of bakelite with an ingenious arrangement of aluminum slits, designed by himself, for hanging the pictures so that they could be moved with the greatest ease. In that year, also, he designed modern furniture for smaller rooms (and smaller incomes) than he had ever done before. One of his masterpieces was created on this scale: a black-lacquered sideboard of wood and glass, with ground-glass inserts for lights. It was so highly praised that he later adapted the design for the sideboard in Roxy's apartment over the Music Hall, in which neither the size of the room nor of the budget was small.

The distinction of Deskey's furniture is simple: the basic design is good (he does all the designing, including detail, himself); there are no excrescences; and the pieces are individually striking without being startling. I have seen people come into a room he has designed and, liking it, feel thoroughly at home, discovering after a quarter of an hour that the design is modern; I know people who have lived for two years in rooms he has designed without ever tiring of the contours and colors. He has made mistakes both in design and in color; but this was to be expected in a new medium. Generally, he designs for a harmonious whole and not for shock, and chooses lively tints rather than bright colors. He is partial to black and white.

He entered into competition for the International Music Hall, one of the seven large firms invited to submit projects. It was a rather desperate gamble for him, as he had to employ a large extra staff of draughtsmen to make, in one month, forty large-scale renderings of rooms and more than a hundred of furniture. He also made drawings of fixtures and projects for murals and sculptures which would give the owners a clear and complete idea of his intentions. Deskey exhibited his projects to the directors of Rockefeller Center in an office hired for the purpose. The gamble paid. Deskey alone had made the murals and sculpture an integral part of his scheme, and the works of Zorach, Laurent, and Lux, later dismissed from the foyer, represented artists he had recommended in his plans. Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, Henry Billing, Buk Ulreich

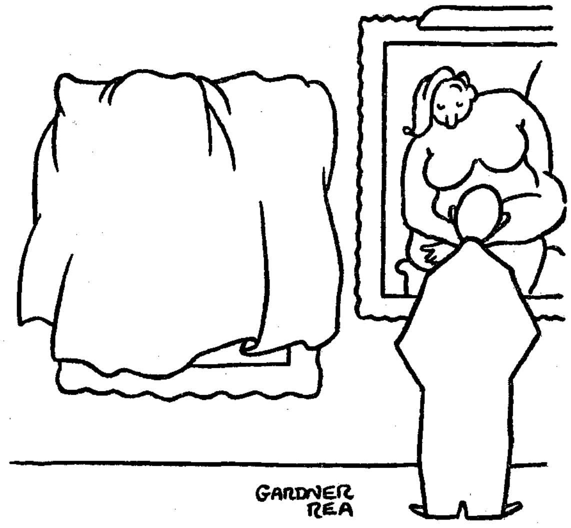




were among those he nominated for murals.

Deskey is rather high-handed with his customers, but he got along well enough with Roxy, and Roxy's private apartment in the new theatre is one of Deskey's finest compositions. Their disagreement on works of art was to be expected. Deskey did all he could to prevent Roxy from taking the decisive step of banishing the statuary, but the moment publicity entered, he knew that Roxy's decision was unalterable. In the general disappointment over the stage show at the Music Hall, the quarrel about art was forgotten; Deskey came off rather well in the criticism of the theatre as a whole.

TO decorators who engage him as a designer, Deskey is a delight and a torment, for he understands their work and is extraordinarily casual about his own. He is unsystematic, and the intricacies of so complicated a job as the Music Hall took more of his energy than the actual designing. His work, however, was done on time, except for one little detail. On the last afternoon, someone suggested that every vase and ashtray had better be screwed into place, or souvenir-snatchers would get the lot.



When the Music Hall was finished, Deskey departed for a trip to Havana, his first holiday in six years. In that time he has worked hard and flourished; he seems always to be well, and even in the distractions of his office, which his careless temperament does not diminish, he is exceptionally good-humored; he is one of those people who can always seem happy without annoying you. He is solidly built, with traces of German and Slavic ancestry in his face and the shape of his head; his voice is deep and he laughs readily. He lives on East Fifty-first Street, commuting to Long Island or Westport during the summer. He rests by going to concerts and listening to his wife read. His drawing, which he does with his feet on the table, does not tire him; the business details of a designer's life do.

He has a few unfulfilled ambitions. He would like to work in the theatre—on the stage, as designer, and even, I suspect, as director. He has some ideas about movies. He still paints pictures, but has given up writing poetry—he began under the influence of T. S. Eliot and Amy Lowell and rose from long, pessimistic poems to epigrams on the more amusing aspects of his son's babyhood. He is interested in mass housing. But most of all he hankers to return to Hollywood. For one day he was in the movies: as an extra, playing a dead body in a Civil War film. Carlyle Blackwell, the hero, rode his horse too near, and the corpse moved—and was fired. Now Deskey wants to go back; he has given up the idea of acting, but (and he knows it is a shocking thing to say) he thinks he might make a good gagman. —Gilbert Seldes

•

FALSE FRONT

She lifts her forehead, tilts her chin,
  and with defining style
presents the facet of a thin,
  fastidious profile;
as if she fixed it with a pin,
  her sweet disarming smile.

I'd like to watch her when she sleeps
  or catch her unawares,
for I divine the face she keeps,
  behind the face she wears,
is but a rather furtive face,
  collapsible with cares.

—Peggy Bacon

PREFACE TO MORALS, COLLEGIATE

"SUPPOSE you give me a brief résumé of the life and work of George Sand, Miss—ah—Miss Wilson."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, Miss Wilson."

"Who, George Sand?"

"Yes, Miss Wilson."

"George Sand? Why, George Sand was a kind of a poet. A kind of a romantic poet. He wrote a lot of poems; romantic poems, sort of. His poems display a lot of lyric power and a lot of deep understanding of the human heart, kind of, you know."

"Miss Birnbaum, will you help out Miss Wilson?"

"George Sand, whose real name was Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, was born on July first, 1804, a month after the marriage of her parents. Even her birth was romantic. Her father, an army officer, was playing a country dance when word was brought to him that his wife, who had quietly left the room, had just given birth to a daughter. His wife's aunt remarked, very beautifully: 'She will be fortunate. She was born among roses to the sound of music.'

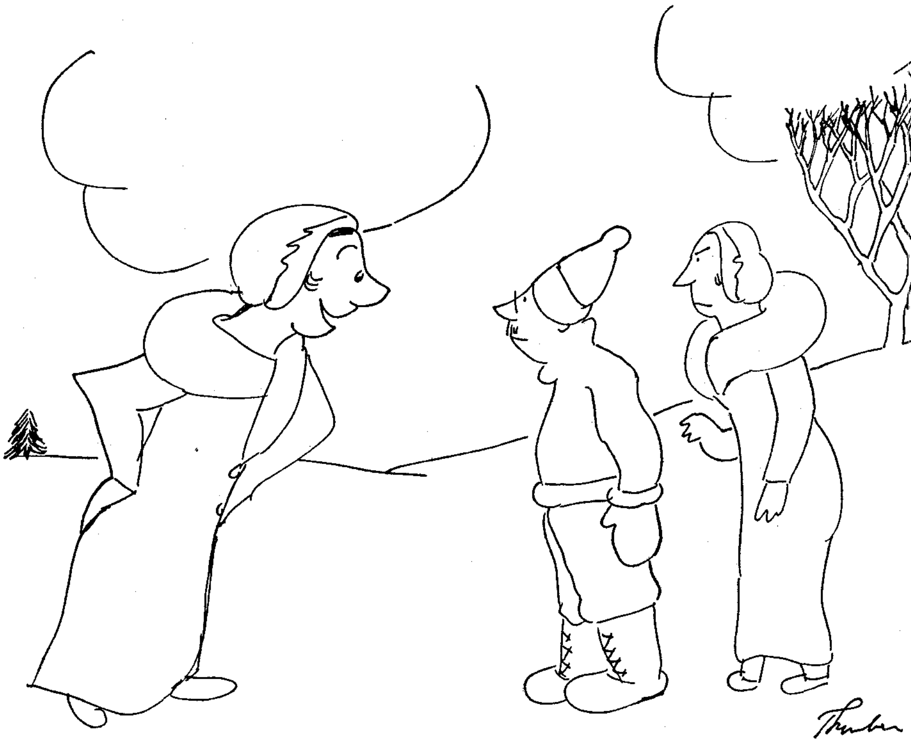
"After a wild and untamed childhood, she was married to Casimir Dudevant, a natural son of Baron Dudevant. Her husband developed undesirable habits, making love to the maids in the presence of his wife. She at length left him and went to Paris, resolved to live her own life to the full. Her first novel, 'Prima Donna,' was written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, of whom she said: 'I resisted him for three months but then yielded; I lived in my own apartment in an unconventional style.' The liaison did not last long, owing to emotional and literary incompatibility. George Sand was outraged to find her lover compromised with a laundress. She was heartbroken; 'My heart is a cemetery!' she wrote to Sainte-Beuve. 'A necropolis!' was Sandeau's comment on this remark."

"Now, Miss Birnbaum—"

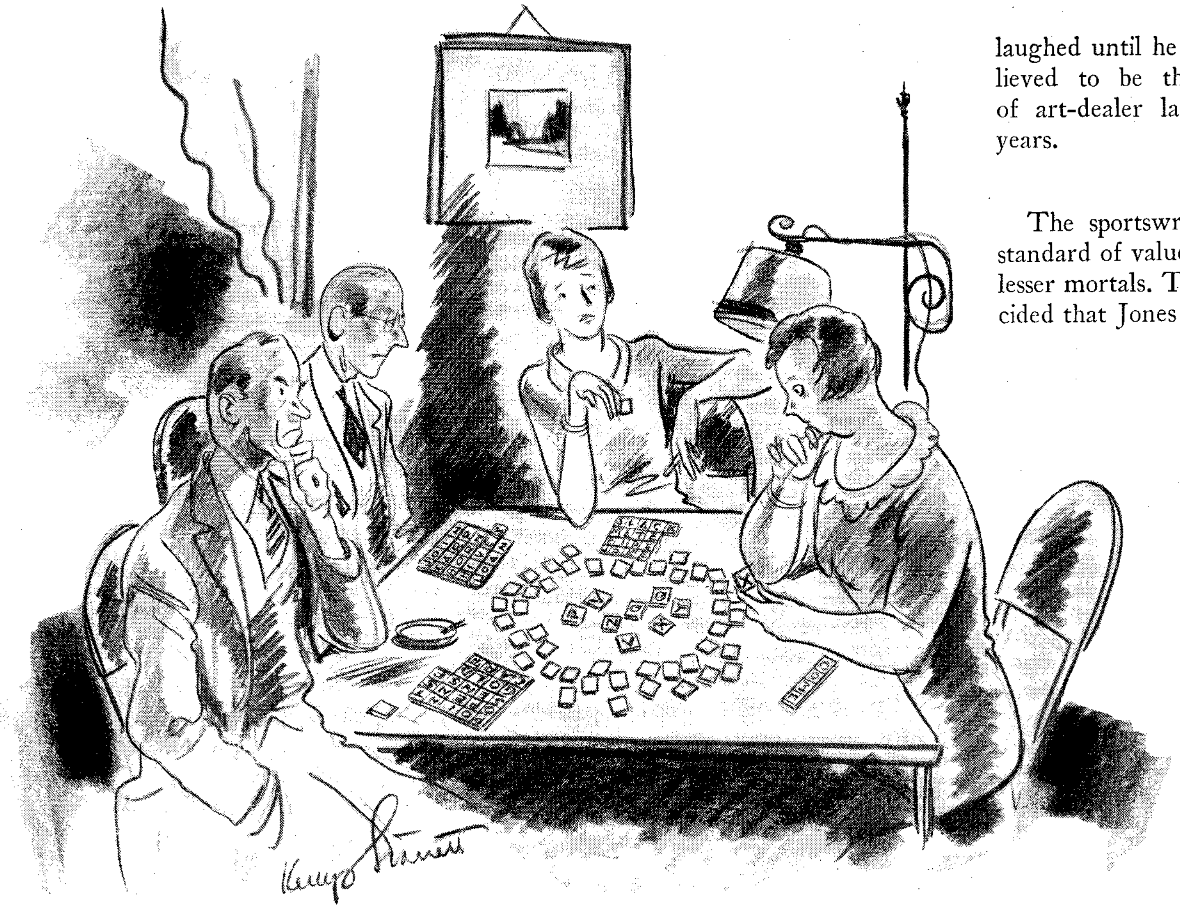
"AFTER this, George Sand had a series of liaisons with literary men, which broadened and deepened her work. Her relations with Mérimée lasted only a week; scholars are not agreed as to the reason. Her affair with Alfred de Musset was probably the most important emotional experience of her life. The mere bibliography of their drama in Venice fills an entire volume. Swinburne said of them: 'Alfred was a terrible flirt and George did not behave as a perfect gentleman.' George Sand nursed Alfred de Musset devotedly through an attack of delirium tremens. But Alfred de Musset, regaining consciousness, observed George Sand misconducting herself with his doctor, with that lack of delicacy which was a part of her nature. Musset was never able to forgive her for this, and wrote several volumes about it. Yet it seems only natural that one of her ardent nature should have sought consolation."

"Now, now, Miss Birnbaum; now, now—"

"Among her other more celebrated lovers are Liszt and Chopin. With the latter she spent a year of idyllic happiness in Majorca, producing some of her best work at the time. She died in 1876, after having led a full and complete life. The central theme of her work is the demand for freedom, the insistence that a woman should lead a rich life, unhampered by the petty restrictions of the bourgeoisie. She idealizes and idolizes passion, in accordance with the views of the Romantic School. We have a right to passion and passion



"Why, Mr. Spears, how cute you look!"



"Wait, now! Let me think."

is its own justification. Passion is to her sacred—"

"That is very good, Miss Birnbaum, but I think that will do for the present. Now do you know who George Sand was, Miss Wilson?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, Miss Wilson."

"Who, George Sand?"

"Yes, George Sand."

"George Sand was a kind of a romantic poet. He—"

"That will be all for today. Next time we take up Baudelaire, and don't forget that you will have an examination on the 'Fleurs du mal.' The class is excused."

The professor reflected painfully, for a few moments, on the moral obligations of the teacher. He shuddered to hear, a few days later, that a girl had been expelled from college for taking the teachings of the Romantic School too seriously. It was Miss Wilson who was expelled.

THAT was five years ago. Miss Birnbaum is now teaching French literature in a normal college. She is in line, they say, for Dean of Women.

—Morris Bishop

• •

OF ALL THINGS

GOLD-MINING is booming in Canada and the business outlook is somewhat brighter there. Wouldn't you know that prosperity would turn up in a country which does not owe us anything!

•

The Senate votes a lot of money to put our wandering boys into Citizens Military Training Camps. Elegant posters will read: "Join the Army and stop seeing the world."

•

Earl Long says that Brother Huey had $10,000 in power-trust money in his bathrobe pocket. The Kingfish indignantly denies the dastardly charge that he wore a bathrobe.

•

Somebody who is on good terms with Japan ought to tell her that she is running into a trap. The worst thing a country can do with a war is win it.

•

When informed that the Custom House had declared his Michelangelo photographs obscene, Erhard Weyhe laughed until he was tired. This is believed to be the first genuine case of art-dealer laughter here in three years.

•

The sportswriters must have some standard of value which is unknown to lesser mortals. They have solemnly decided that Jones is a five points greater golfer than Ruth is a ballplayer.

•

A violent anti-Shavian demands that the papers treat the impudent playwright with contemptuous silence when he comes here. There is a school of thought which holds that crime, depression, and Shaw can be cured by not mentioning their names.

•

Farley asks the more solvent Democrats to wipe out the party deficit before the jobs are handed out. A contribution will buy them nothing, he hastily adds, but a prominent place on the succor list.

•

There is to be an open tennis tournament at Philadelphia this summer. Amateurs and professionals will mingle on terms of equality and the difference between them will be determined by Delicate Instruments.

•

Dr. Klein thinks the jigsaw-puzzle boom may mark the turning of the tide, and that brings us a solemn thought. Who is going to turn our tides for us when Julius is gone?

•

Members of the League of Nations are anxious to know whether the United States will join in punitive measures against Japan. This would seem to be the proper time for Stimson to speak firmly to Peru and Colombia.

•

The report on railroads is pretty optimistic. All the railways need is reorganization, economy, intelligent management, less interference from the I. C. C., and fifty-per-cent more business.

—Howard Brubaker

THE THEATRE

MR. WHITE CHANGES SIDES

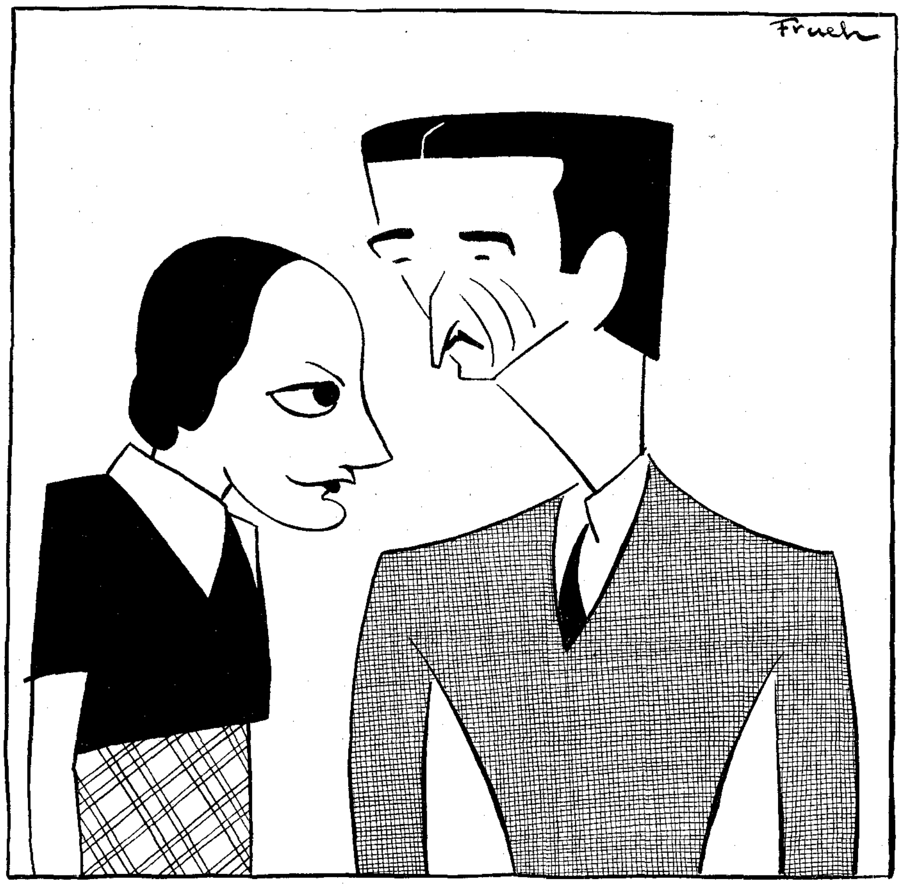
IF the World Chaos keeps up much longer (this paper goes to press several days before the date of issue, so by the time you read this, everything may be running smoothly again), I have every expectation of seeing the theatre-going public clapping its pudgy hands at Punch and Judy shows and, at premières, making bets between the acts as to whether Goldilocks really took the porridge or not. The more confused and complicated our daily lives become, the simpler seem to be the agencies of entertainment.

Not that Mr. George White's Punch and Judy show, called "Melody," is a simple affair on his ledger. He has done himself and his native city proud with his lovely costumes (Mr. LeMaire's) and his fifteen scenes of Paris, Loos, and New York (Mr. Urban's), to say nothing of fifty or sixty beautiful young ladies who are equally at home in Paris and New York and whom Mr. Bobby Connolly has taught to do the pavane and other pagan steps. Mr. White may have gone back to the old-fashioned "musical romance," but he has done it in de-luxe fashion and has put plenty of ultra-modern dollars into recalling the homespun joys of yesteryear. Just to sit and look at "Melody" is a warming experience in these days of denim and seersucker, and one can now understand why Mr. White counted the pennies in putting on his recent "Music Hall Varieties."

HE has been equally prodigal in his employment of songbirds. Everett Marshall comes on in the first act, gives off a full-throated note or two, and is heard no more during the evening. Walter Woolf, who used to be good for a whole Shubert production, including lighting and scenery, does not make his appearance until the second act, and Jeanne Aubert has only occasional opportunities to make comical noises in her throat. (When our entertainments become entirely naïve and juvenile, Miss Aubert ought to go big, as she has the ideal child's technique of being funny.) Evelyn Herbert, by dint of doubling in brassières and playing her own granddaughter in the final scenes, manages to keep singing longer than the rest, but George Houston, after several ringing numbers, also disappears and joins Mr. Marshall up in the dressing-room, where they doubtless talk over the old days in Act I when the Comte Gustave De Nemours lived in the Faubourg St.-Honoré and it was Spring in Paris, Springtime and Lovetime. (Song cue for "Springtime and Lovetime." Andrée, Tristan, and Ensemble.)

It is Mr. Hal Skelly who goes, with Miss Herbert, all the way through the fifty years of "Melody," and it is Mr. Skelly who, as he grows older and older and whiter and whiter, gives the proceedings their only comedy note. It is not a comedy note that will roll you out in the aisles, but it is a skillful characterization on Mr. Skelly's part, and the Edward Childs Carpenter book needs a skillful characterization somewhere in it in lieu of laughs. (In case it is charged that I was heard laughing during "Melody," I can specify the one spot and put an end to *that* canard. It was when Mr. Skelly, in an attempt to sell himself to a young lady, said: "I'm not the least bit domesticated," and, to prove it, picked up a teacup and broke it. I laugh at breaking teacups.)

THE point of all this having originally been that we are getting back to elementary entertainments, we might as well get back to the point. "Melody" is fundamentally the original musical romance. Mr. Romberg's music is Mr. Romberg's original music, pleasant and dandy for the kettledrums, but note for note a transcription from the past. (He could have gone one step further and had his lyricist, Mr. Caesar, transcribe the original Gilbert lyric to "Thou the singer, I the song" without hurting the evening a bit. In fact, I became so nostalgic for that



"GOODBYE AGAIN"

Even the loyalty of his secretary (Sally Bates) fails to insulate an author (Osgood Perkins) against the sudden heat of an Old Passion, at the Masque.

"Before DATED coffee I refused a second cup—but now I drink 5 cups a day"

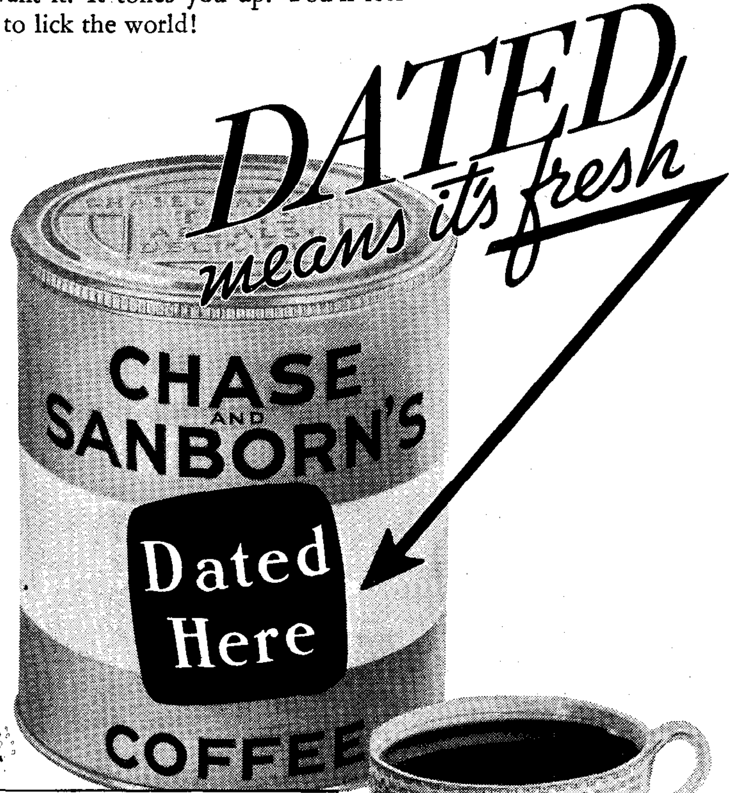
IS coffee your weakness? Does it take will-power to refuse a second cup? Then here's wonderful news for you.

You needn't deny that craving any longer. For science now says that the normal, healthy adult has a "coffee tolerance" of 5 cups daily—*if the coffee is fresh.* Finds added keenness, energy, good humor, in the world's favorite drink.

It's the rancid oil in *stale* coffee that is harmful—that often causes headaches, indigestion, sleeplessness and "nerves."

That is why Chase & Sanborn give you *Dated* coffee. The date of delivery to your grocer is printed on every pound. Rushed to him straight from the roasting ovens by swift motor trucks. No can is allowed to remain on his shelf more than 10 days.

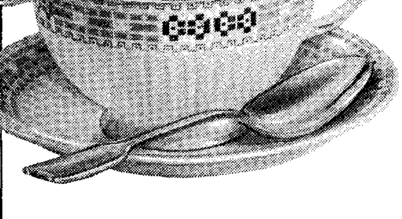
No wonder Chase & Sanborn's wins the coffee lovers! . . . *Dating* brings it to you at the very peak of its flavor. Drink 5 cups if you want it. It tones you up. You'll feel ready to lick the world!



Now you can linger delightfully over your coffee, indulging in that tempting second cup. If it is Chase & Sanborn's DATED Coffee, it's inspiring, exhilarating . . . and good for you!

SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY

Present scientific knowledge establishes the fact that the normal, healthy adult has a "coffee tolerance" of fully 5 cups a day. This amount of coffee will make you feel more alive, more alert. "Tolerance" means the ability of one's body to receive and utilize and enjoy without the slightest bad effect. But—that coffee must be *fresh!* The regular drinking of *stale* coffee has bad effects on the digestion.



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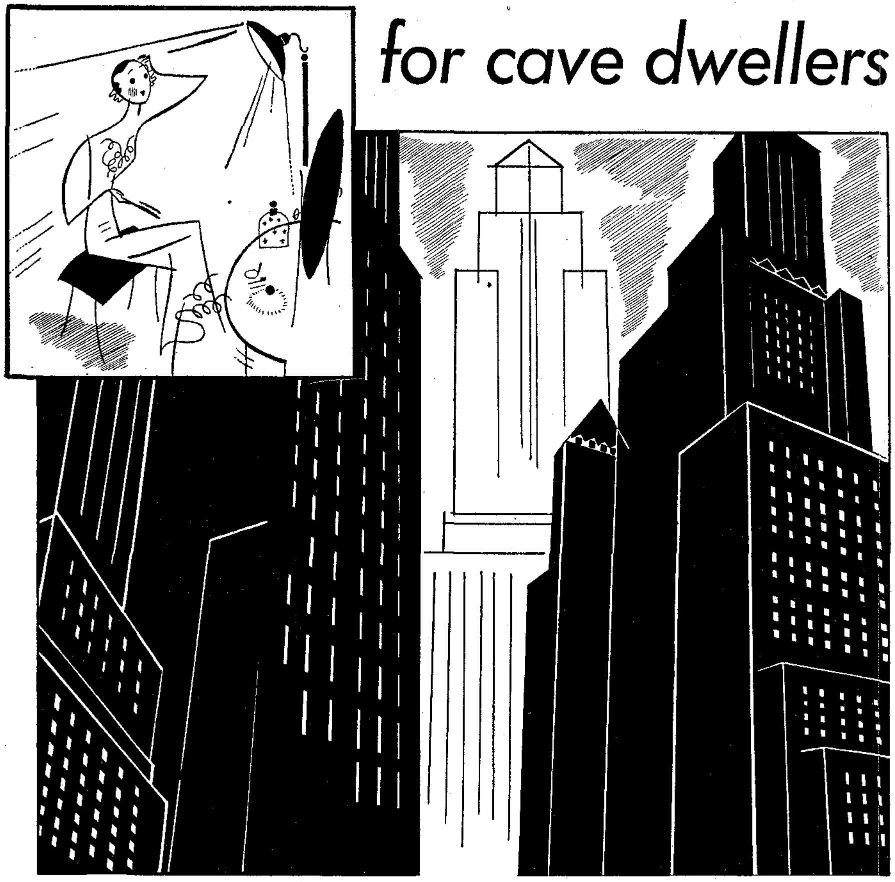
SUN

for cave dwellers



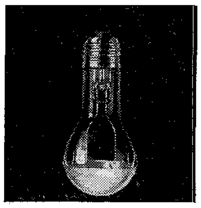
THE summer sun is still in the south. But you can bring it back!

Ultra-violet equivalent to that of the best *midday summer sunlight* is radiated by a General Electric MAZDA Sunlight Lamp. And it's the *only* lamp that gives adequate ultra-violet *plus* useful light. Follow directions and you bring the summer sun indoors.

Pages could be written about this swell Indoor Sun, how little it costs, and all that. But we haven't the pages, so write for the whole story which we've put in a little booklet called "The Indoor Sun." Drop a card to General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric MAZDA Sunlight Lamps give useful light plus adequate ultra-violet

Accepted by the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association



Type S-2

Notice this MAZDA Sunlight Lamp. A pool of mercury in the bulb forms a "mercury vapor arc" rich in ultra-violet. Goggles are no more necessary with MAZDA Sunlight Lamps than with natural sunlight. This MAZDA Sunlight Lamp, Type S-2, at a distance of twenty-four inches gives you the ultra-violet equivalent of *midday midsummer sunlight*—and good light for illumination. Thus a MAZDA Sunlight Lamp serves a double purpose.

Look for Approval Seal

MAZDA Sunlight Lamps (some call them "bulbs") can *not* be screwed into an ordinary socket. They require special fixtures. Look for the seal when you buy a fixture. It indicates that a similar fixture made by one of 8 manufacturers has been submitted to the Nela Park Laboratories of the General Electric Company and that it has been tested and approved by them for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the General Electric MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

particular "Iolanthe" number that I almost hummed it myself, which would have been rude to do, as I was Mr. White's guest.)

But no matter how elementary "Melody" may be, it has a rather brave quality which should endear it to you. It is brave, and a little touching, of Mr. White to make such a whole-hearted gesture away from sophistication and to defy the times with so much regal simplicity. One would wish "Melody" well if only to repay Mr. White.

I once saw a performance of "Schwarzwaldmädel" in a tottering theatre in Munich shortly after the war, and the hungry actors were so gay and bouncy, and the audience so appreciative in its rusty dinner jackets and prewar frocks, that I cried practically continuously throughout the performance. Mr. White's Casino Theatre is far from being ramshackle, and certainly neither the cast nor the audience was threadbare on the opening night, and yet I had the same inclination to cry as I watched this simple and extravagant pageant. Something was being defied, I don't know just what; maybe the Depression, maybe Sophistication, maybe just the Box Office. At any rate, it was rather fine.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

SIMPLES

Many cases
Of anemia
Will respond
To a gardenia.

Just a single orchid
Often
Saves a woman
From her coffin.

Simples such as these
Are very
Stimulating,
Salutary.

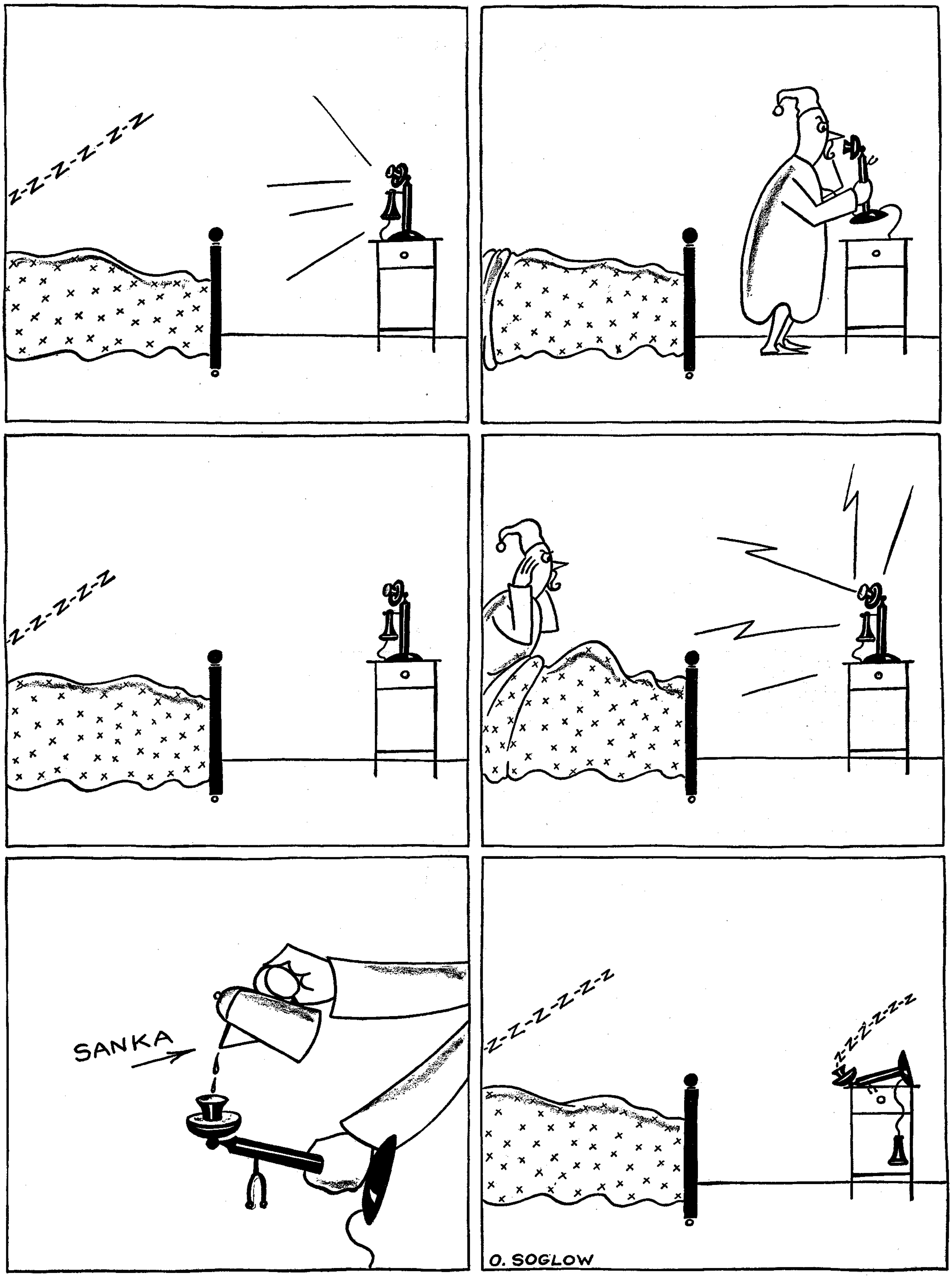
Strange,
That, knowing this about them,
One should ever
Be without them!

—MILDRED WESTON

•

A middle-aged couple have an opportunity to do janitor work in exchange for an apartment. They will be given the privilege of one child but no more. For particulars call BE 7953.—*Adv. in Portland (Ore.) News-Telegram.*

One of those non-coöperative apartments?



It's just a whim of our artist's to show Sanka Coffee putting people and phones to sleep. It won't do anything of the kind, but we hate to discourage Art. What Sanka Coffee does do is *permit* sleep. For caffein is the thing in coffee that keeps some folks awake and upsets their nerves — and 97% of Sanka Coffee's caffein is removed. That's all that is removed. All the true coffee taste, and fragrance, and pungency are there in soul-satisfying quantities. So remember, if coffee isn't kind to you, that most grocers sell Sanka Coffee. It's a product of General Foods.

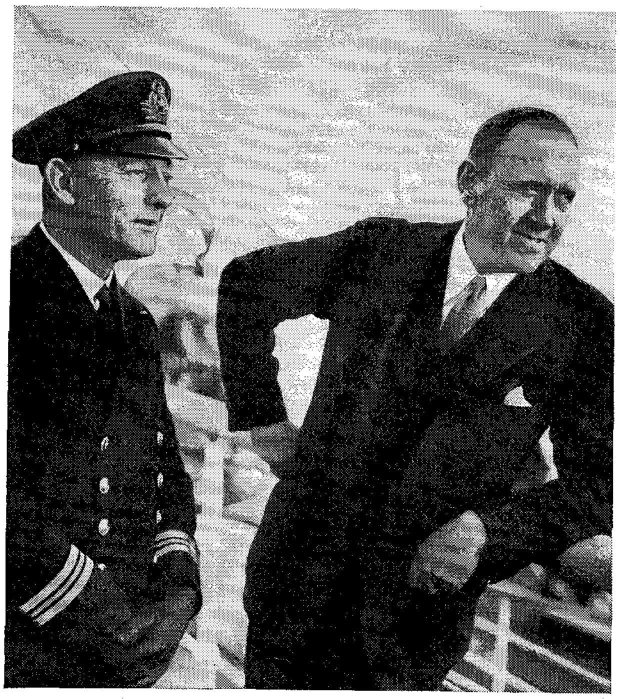
(*Advertisement*)

SALT OF

By

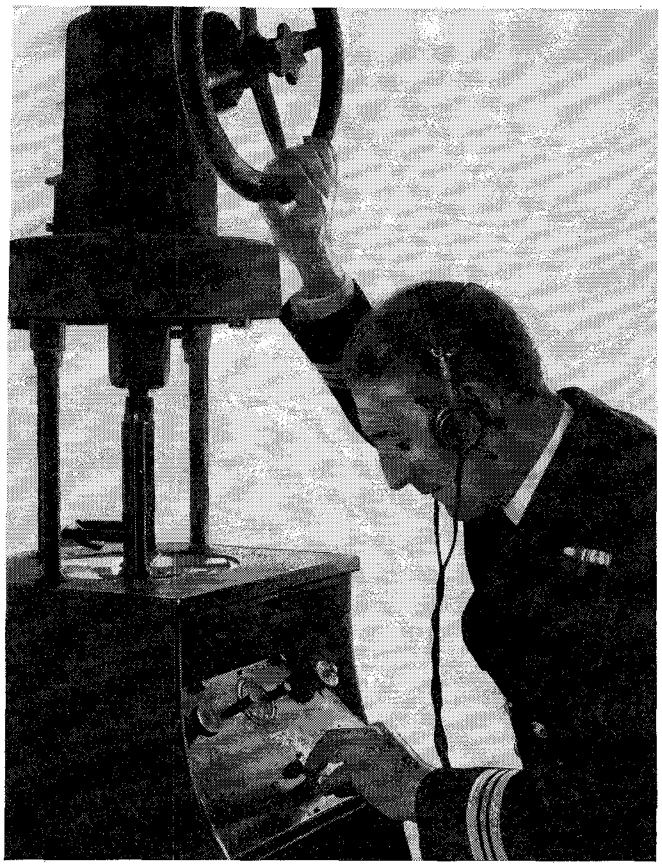
"Crossing the Atlantic today, and looking back over the years since I first went to sea, I am reminded that ships may change but the sea does not. That's why there is something changeless about real seamen. The men who have grown up in the Cunard tradition and who officer the great Cunarders of today are the same as they always were — the salt of the sea. I was brought up among them, and I know them.

"It is, of course, a busman's holiday for me to go on a voyage, but there is a fascination in knowing that in spite of all the marvelous improvements in a present-day giant liner, the vigilance and discipline of the old-time merchant marine are still there. Sitting in the smoke-room, while the ship feels her way in thick fog, I know the Commander, high on his bridge, watches with a seaman's eyes and ears. His fathometer tells him his soundings almost to a yard, but



Looking seaward. Mr. William McFee, the distinguished author, exchanges reminiscences with Junior First Officer T. P. Smarden on the boat deck of the Aquitania. Mr. McFee spent some twenty years sailing the seven seas in tramps and liners, before retiring to write his much admired novels of seafaring life.

The Aquitania meets a bit of a squall. The Captain has just ordered 10 degrees of starboard helm and Chief Quartermaster Suter, on the bridge, is checking the alteration in the ship's course by the "repeater gyro" . . . a compass controlled by the master gyroscope in the wheelhouse.



The radio direction finder. Simple in principle, this recently perfected instrument determines by the relative intensity of sound the direction in which wireless waves are travelling. Two or three land stations are tuned in and the directions of their signals noted. Then, on a chart, lines are traced out to sea in the indicated directions from the known stations. The point where these lines converge is the ship's position.

● **For 10 successive years Cunard and Associated lines have carried more**

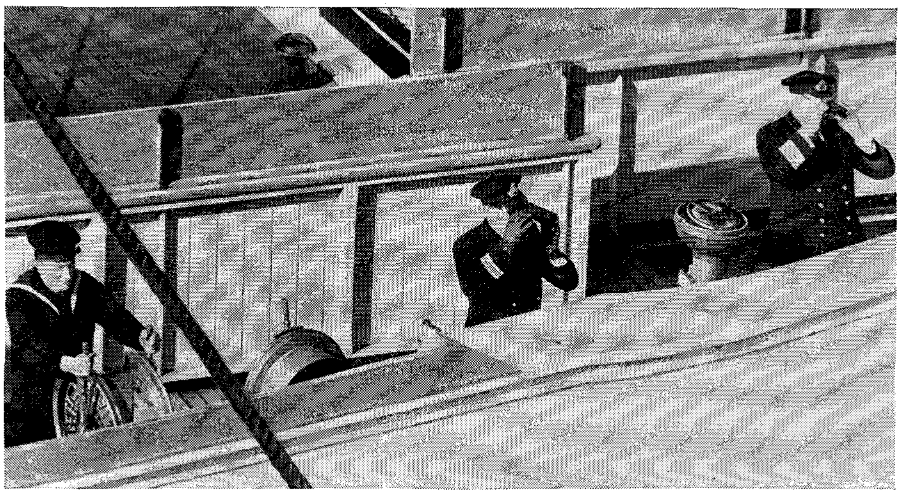
THE SEA

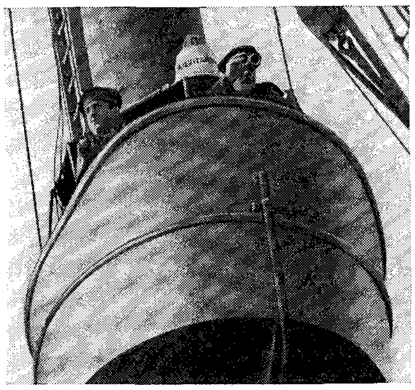
WILLIAM McFEE

none the less he will have the Quartermaster heave the 28-lb. lead from the sounding boom to confirm his depth by pressure-measurement and to check his bearings by samples of the ocean floor. The Sperry Gyroscope that automatically controls his course would in my young days have been just a crazy engineer's pipe dream. His radio direction finder gives him the ship's position with speed and accuracy. Submarine signals warn him instantly of any approaching danger. Yet he and his First Officer on the bridge and the two lookouts in the Crow's Nest are intent on every shape and sound. For no one will ever invent a substitute for fidelity and vigilance. The marvels of science and inventive genius may aid immeasurably, but it still is men who navigate a ship — and those who navigate Cunarders are master mariners. Every officer from the Captain right down to the Junior Third must hold a Master's Certificate."

Staff Captain A. T. Mott, R. D., R. N. R., "shooting the sun". Although Cunarders are fitted with improved radio direction finders, this remains the most precise way to determine a ship's position. On all Cunard ships, exactly at noon, all officers on watch make this observation together and check their findings.

Land ho! The Captain and First Officer sight the Lizard, southernmost point of England and first European landmark, as the ship holds her course due east for Cherbourg. A quartermaster stands ready for orders at the engine room telegraph.





The Crow's Nest. In Cunard ships, at all times, two specially trained lookouts are stationed here, equipped with marine glasses and loudspeaker telephone to the bridge.

CUNARD LINE TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

EXPRESS SERVICE
to Cherbourg and Southampton

Aquitania . . .	March 2, March 18, April 6
Berengaria . . .	April 26, May 18, June 7
*Mauretania . . .	April 21, May 10, May 31

*To Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton

CABIN SERVICE

From New York via Boston or Halifax to Plymouth, Havre and London, and to Cobh, Galway and Liverpool. From Montreal via Quebec to Plymouth, Havre and London, and to Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool. From Saint John, N. B., and Halifax to Plymouth, Havre and London and to Belfast and Glasgow.

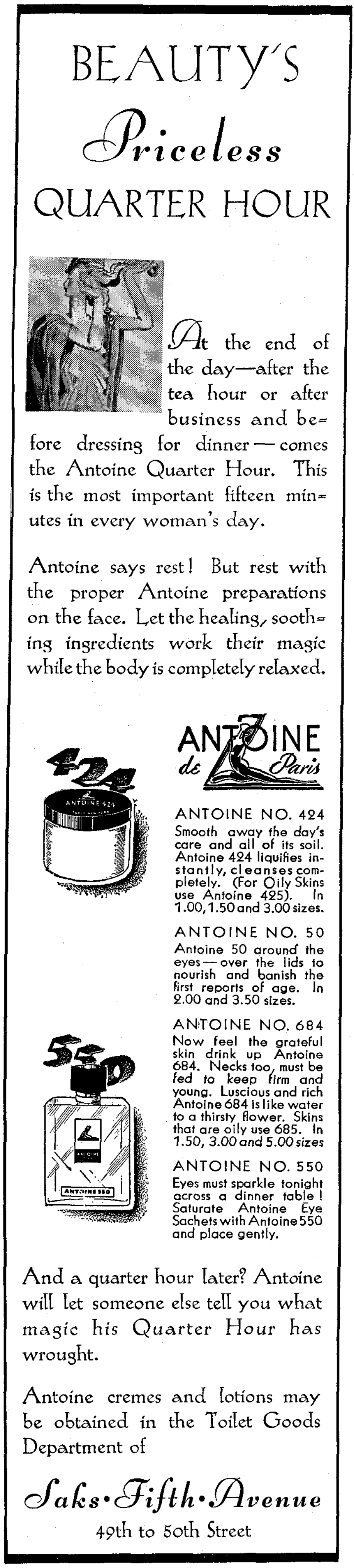
Extensive alterations completed in the *Aquitania and now under way in the Berengaria*, endow these famous liners with many new outside rooms with bath, equal in spacious luxury to any afloat. The distinctive charm of these rooms accords with the impeccable service so traditional in all Cunarders, and rendered by stewards whose native language is your own.

CUNARD WEST INDIES CRUISES

Two 12-day MAURETANIA Cruises from N. Y. March 4 and 18 to Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cartagena, Colon, Havana, $155. up . . . Two 9-day FRANCONIA Cruises from N. Y. March 10 and 24 to Nassau and Havana, $102.50 up . . . MAURETANIA 9-day Easter Cruise from N. Y. Apr. 9, $120. up . . . MAURETANIA 7-day Spring Cruise from N. Y. Apr. 1, $95. up. Franconia Cruises sail from Boston day previous.

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT · NO ONE CAN SERVE YOU BETTER · OR CUNARD LINE · 25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

passengers to and from Europe than any other line or group of lines ●



BEAUTY'S

Priceless

QUARTER HOUR

At the end of the day—after the tea hour or after business and before dressing for dinner—comes the Antoine Quarter Hour. This is the most important fifteen minutes in every woman's day.

Antoine says rest! But rest with the proper Antoine preparations on the face. Let the healing, soothing ingredients work their magic while the body is completely relaxed.

ANTOINE de Paris

ANTOINE NO. 424
Smooth away the day's care and all of its soil. Antoine 424 liquifies instantly, cleanses completely. (For Oily Skins use Antoine 425). In 1.00, 1.50 and 3.00 sizes.

ANTOINE NO. 50
Antoine 50 around the eyes—over the lids to nourish and banish the first reports of age. In 2.00 and 3.50 sizes.

ANTOINE NO. 684
Now feel the grateful skin drink up Antoine 684. Necks too, must be fed to keep firm and young. Luscious and rich Antoine 684 is like water to a thirsty flower. Skins that are oily use 685. In 1.50, 3.00 and 5.00 sizes

ANTOINE NO. 550
Eyes must sparkle tonight across a dinner table! Saturate Antoine Eye Sachets with Antoine 550 and place gently.

And a quarter hour later? Antoine will let someone else tell you what magic his Quarter Hour has wrought.

Antoine cremes and lotions may be obtained in the Toilet Goods Department of

Saks·Fifth·Avenue

49th to 50th Street

COURT GAMES

Off the Back Wall—Trousers and Skirts

THE people who expected Neil Sullivan to win the National Championship at squash racquets this year did so remembering that he had beaten Beekman Pool in the Gold Racquet Tournament on Long Island in December. The whole season in singles play therefore led up to their second meeting, at the National in Detroit last week. In Philadelphia, the newspapers reported that Sullivan had been training for the match since last summer; even Sullivan's friends who knew better were ready to make, and did make, substantial bets that he would win the title.

Another thing that made the final interesting—almost everyone assumed, and, for once, correctly, that Pool and Sullivan would get through their earlier matches—was that it amounted to a conflict between two highly specialized techniques. Pool, like his brother, and like Herbert Rawlins, who held the championship before Lawrence Pool, learned squash from Harry Cowles at Harvard, who emphasizes hard hitting and down-the-wall shots. Sullivan uses extraordinary methods, most of which he must surely have invented for himself. After the serve, he is likely to bound heavily to the forecourt and stand there volleying every ball he can lay his racquet on. When a shot passes him, he runs up behind it and plays it off the back wall. It is the peculiar merit of his game that this last shot, which many players use only when they are forced to, becomes an offensive weapon as Sullivan executes it. The ball finds its way into a front corner, comes out an inch or so above the telltale, and dies on the floor instead of bouncing.

THE whole story of the Pool-Sullivan engagement at Detroit concerned the failure of this shot. In the Gold Racquet match, Sullivan used it to nullify the value of Pool's speed; at Detroit, Pool's speed simply made it impossible for Sullivan, squashing about the court in his bulging sneakers, to keep up with the ball. If Sullivan had won, or even if the match had gone to five games, it might have made his back-wall shot as interesting as McGrath's two-handed backhand is likely to be to tennis-players in a year or two. When Pool won in four quick games, he made it sufficiently clear that pace is still more effective in squash racquets than any substitute which has yet been devised.

Another point that interested us about the weekend of the National was why no one pays more attention to the team matches. Harvard, which used to win regularly by sending out the only well-trained players in the tournament, failed to send anyone at all this year, because the Harvard Athletic Association has been whittling its budget. And no one was much startled when a carelessly chosen New York team lost to Philadelphia in the final.

THE thing that surprises us most about the British women's squash-racquets team, which has obligingly won all its matches, as we said it would, is its startling lack of unanimity about the proper costume for the game. Mrs. Wolfe plays in trousers, Mrs. Du Boulay wears shorts, and the rest wear pleated skirts, which have a tendency to get in their way. So far, though, it has been apparent that Susan Noel could put on a pair of snowshoes and still beat any lady player in this country. The only close call she has had was in a match against Mrs. Stuart Green at the Brooklyn Heights Casino the other evening, and even then it was clear that the British player felt completely confident of winning points whenever she really needed them. In this country, the visitors have been playing on smaller courts and with a livelier ball than they use at home. The reason for their complete superiority was summed up by Miss Noel not long ago when someone asked who taught her the game. She said that she started to play squash racquets when she was so young that she really didn't remember learning. —R. L. T.

•

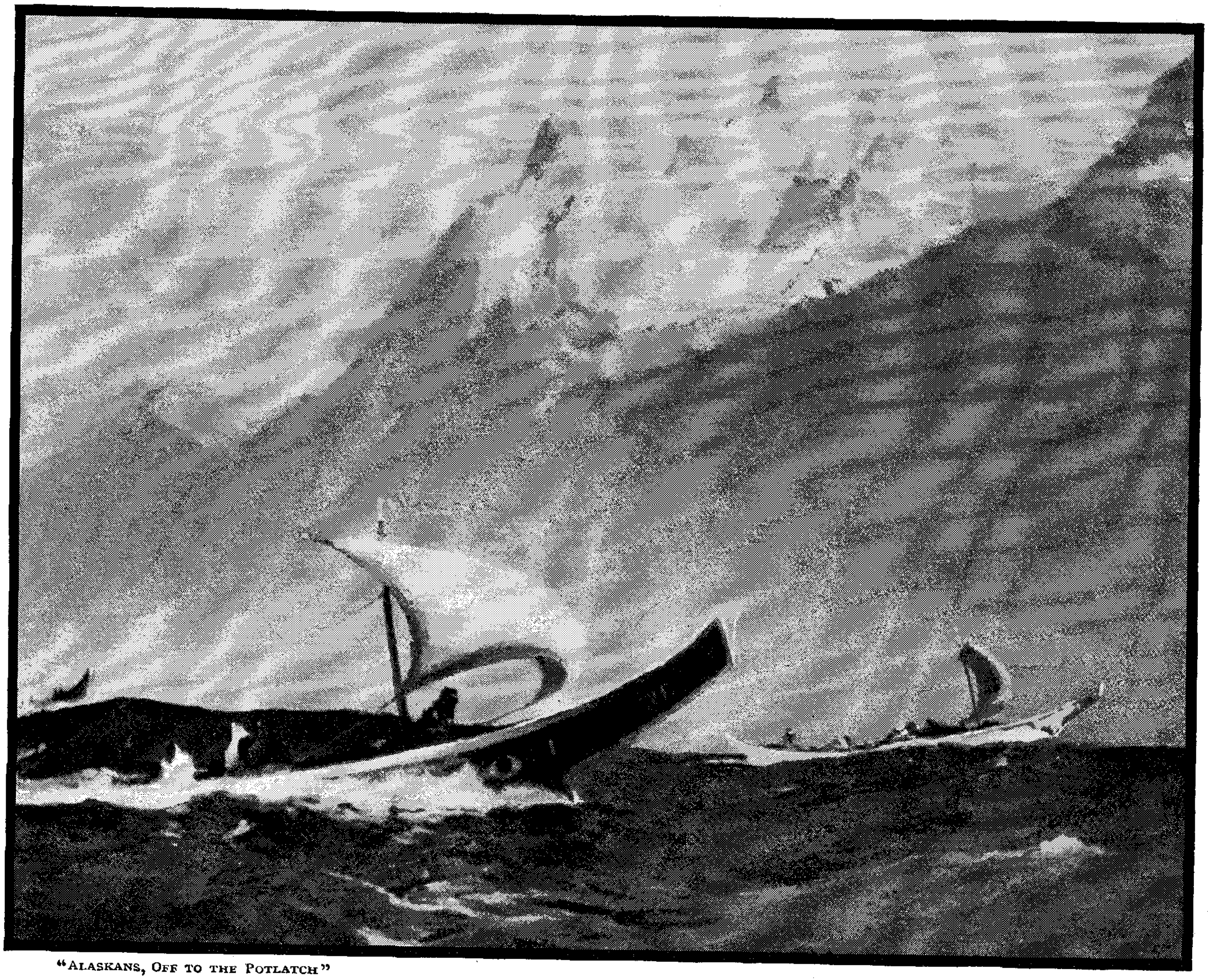
The plaintiff alleges that the defendant has refused to live with her as husband and wife.—*Connersville (Ind.) News Examiner.*

Meaning that he wouldn't make the biscuits?

•

WANTED—Live lion. Or information where one can be obtained at once. Telephone Gaspee 6770.—*Adv. in Providence Journal.*

Take it easy, you've got all day!



“ALASKANS, OFF TO THE POTLATCH”

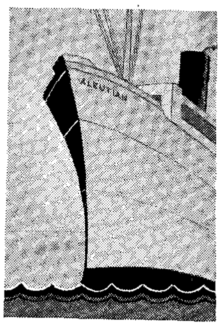
Alaska

A summer cruise to Alaska is a most restful and inspiring experience. Imagine yourself at ease in a deck chair aboard a modern ocean liner, just floating day after day on the calm waters of the Inside Passage, between those incomparable mountains, where native Alaskans sail their graceful canoes! And, after your voyage, venture into the great interior, to Mt. McKinley National Park.

Cruises to Alaska are very inexpensive.
May we tell you about them?

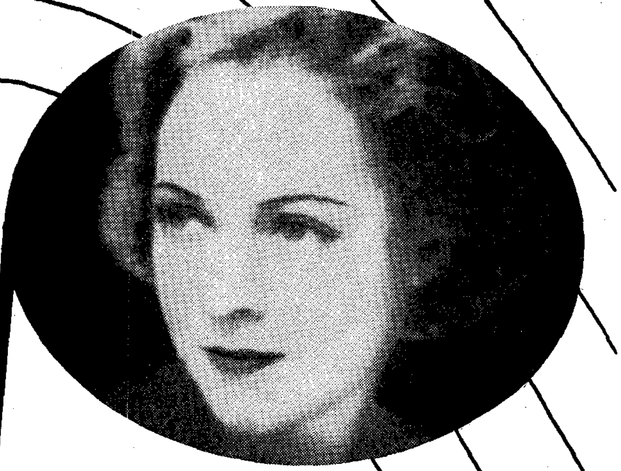
For booklets address→

Alaska Steamship Company
Room 3-D, Pier 2
Seattle



Northern Pacific Railway
560 Fifth Avenue
New York City

LYDA ROBERTI, whose fresh, inimitable charm glows like a sunrise through the exuberant changes of "Pardon My English." "Lux Toilet Soap works wonders with one's skin—I use it regularly," she declares.



JACQUELINE LOGAN, whose loveliness on the stage and screen has given us extravagant ideas about the sort of thing one can expect from Colorado. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin soft and smooth as a child's," she says.

Let your complexion help—not hinder the romantic season

Although it is still February, and the income tax is all before us—yet we sort of have a feeling of spring in our bones.

It may have begun when we heard Lyda Roberti, that delicious child of nature, sing "Where You Go, I Go," in that way she has; or it may have been lovely Evelyn Hoey, carolling about "April in Paris"; or it may have been nothing more than a passing glimpse of that beautiful person, Jacqueline Logan, or that other beautiful person, Barbara Robbins, dazzling our sight as we crossed Broadway . . .

But anyway, we feel that spring is practically here.

And let us remind you that it's the season when your complexion becomes tremendously important. Hearts will beat fast or slow according to whether your complexion is, or is not, smooth, soft, bewitchingly youthful and alluring. Nothing, you will find, has such power to subdue and fascinate that savage creature, Man, as the charm of a beautiful skin.

So begin today to guard your complexion as the lovely stars do theirs! They've long since learned that a flawless complexion is necessary for success—on the stage, or in real life. And they've learned that the safest, surest way to guard complexion beauty is regular care with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It works wonders with one's skin," declares Lyda Roberti. "Keeps the skin soft and smooth as a child's," says Jacqueline Logan. "Keeps the skin always soft and smooth," agrees Barbara Robbins. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its loveliest," declares Evelyn Hoey.

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars!

9 out of 10 screen stars—countless stage stars—are using fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap today. It has been made the official soap in all the big film studios. And it is found in theatre dressing rooms all over the country.

Why not begin today to make *your* skin smoother and younger and more alluring with this wonderful soap? Put Lux Toilet Soap on your shopping list today!

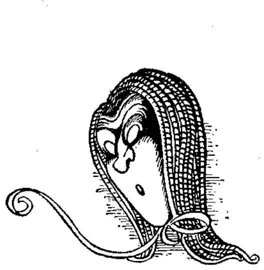
Spring Song

BARBARA ROBBINS, with whom anyone might be glad to find himself in a "Dangerous Corner." "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin always soft and smooth," she declares.

EVELYN HOEY, whose spirited beauty and lovely singing add an extra sparkle to "Walk a Little Faster." "Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its loveliest," she says.

LUX
Toilet Soap

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



ENCHANTED ILES

ON the evening of the November day when your correspondent arrived in Moscow, he was taken to the annual reception held by the President of the Russian Republic. This is attended by parties from all the embassies, legations, and consulates, and, of course, by all the representatives of the foreign press. For some years, conventional evening dress was *de rigueur*, but this time the essentially base regalia of the bourgeoisie was sternly discouraged. The reception was held in what had once been the opulent town house of some violently liquidated textile-manufacturer. It is kept swept and garnished for just such grand goings-on, and also, I am told, in the incorrigible and, as it seems to me, reasonable hope that it will one day be our embassy. It has already enjoyed the peculiar pleasure of serving as an American headquarters, for the A.R.C. occupied it in the dimly remembered days, now more than ten years ago, when our Mr. Hoover was feeding the famished rebel horde. After the attachés of that benevolent experiment came home to America, they learned with mingled emotions that there had just been discovered in the oblivious cellar of their Moscow house a cache of several million dollars in jewels, hidden there during the revolution by some private-property addict.

Well, on November 6th last, I was one of several hundred guests milling rather drearily within those marble halls when I was plucked from my corner by that somewhat complicated Communist, Henry Longfellow Dana of Cambridge, Mass., who told me that the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs wished to see me at once. This seemed to me faintly improbable, and I obeyed the summons with considerable curiosity. Madame Litvinoff, enthroned on a sofa, proved to be a handsome matron who had obviously not yet felt the pinch of the food shortage. She eyed me severely. "See here!" she said. "I subscribed to the *New Yorker* for a year, and after three months it stopped coming." And even while I was automatically disavowing all responsibility either for the counting-house errors of this weekly or for the pranks of the Soviet post office, I kept saying to myself: "I had not foreseen this. Among the things I had thought might happen to me in Muscovy, this was definitely *not* included."

IT is pleasant, I think, thus to savor the unpredictable, to count as so many blessings the things seen in each block which one had not anticipated in turning the corner. I felt something of the same sense of mild surprise when, on an evening two months later, and through a chain of circumstances I could not now reconstruct without great difficulty, I found myself seated at a Dublin microphone and actually addressing a few ill-chosen remarks to the British people. Just before my turn, this microphone—or, as I felt even a mere visitor to Erin might call it without too great familiarity, this mike—had been used for some utterances in pure Gaelic which could, for all I knew to the contrary, have been a message from Mr. De Valera bidding the people fly to arms. My own speech, not being intended for the Irish, went by telephone to Belfast, thence to the North of England, and thence to London, whence it was finally broadcast. In other words, the local functionaries, who could watch me through the studio window as they might a fish in an aquarium, could hear me only by tuning in on London. Later one of them reported, in a sweet brogue, that owing to an unfortunate heterodyne interference from Cork, my enthire discoorse had been accompanied by a faint, distant sound of Irish bagpipes. Now one of the grand moguls of Broadcasting House, who checked the address in manuscript, had predicted it would evoke a very avalanche of fan mail. Therefore I bethought me on my return to London to telephone and suggest I send around some bellboys and a truck to collect the letters. It might be fun to glance through them. But it seems their own staff was equal to the emergency. Indeed, I was informed, after a pause, that there had been only one letter, and it was being forwarded by post. The British are *so* undemonstrative.

Which reflection must be a great comfort whenever an archly pseudonymous author over there is similarly disconcerted by no one's evincing any great curiosity as to his identity. Such a predicament always reminds me of a sad story to which I find myself returning faithfully year after year. It is an agonizing anecdote of his childhood which E. H. Sothern told as a foreword to his winning memoirs. At a children's party long ago, Master Sothern suggested to a small contemporary that they hide behind a curtain so nobody would know where they were. "But," replied his little friend despondently, "suppose nobody cares."

This touching parable taught my heart to be wrung by any similar miscarriage of a prankful purpose. It was thus wrung unbearably when it seemed to me that my own compatriots were not responding adequately to the fine lather of excitement the publishers were trying to work up about the veiled identity of Francis Iles. In this country, at least, the first faint flicker of interest in that mystery soon ripened, as Ring Lardner said of his romance with Neysa McMein, into apathy. Wherefore this page was devoted a fortnight ago to the cause. Immediately the publishers flung forth an advertisement which was headed with simple dignity "A Denial," and which read in part as follows:

> In the current New Yorker, Mr. Alexander Woollcott states that Francis Iles, author of "Before The Fact," the nerve-shattering study of a murderer, conceals the identity of Anthony Berkeley, author of thrillers, and E. M. Delafield, equally famous writer of fine novels in another vein. Doubleday, Doran & Company, in conjunction with Miss Delafield and Mr. Berkeley, feel it necessary, in fairness to Francis Iles, to issue this joint denial. The question of "Who is Francis Iles?" remains unsolved.

So we are summoned to put on our thinking caps and guess away like anything. Who is Francis Iles? Who *is* Francis Iles? Well, my guess is that Francis is a blend of Anthony Berkeley and E. M. Delafield.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

No. 49

On-Up-- in QUALITY!

Six times the power
New radio design – New realism

NEW delight in the great music of the air awaits the radio listener. Now, radio with far greater sparkle and life,—an impression of the artists' "presence" you have never known before.

In this latest radio Stromberg-Carlson has increased the undistorted power delivered to the speaker six times. Variations of an orchestra's volume, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, are EXACT! No longer are you deprived of the color and expression which are given by a surge of sound. Even the percussion instruments so difficult of reproduction come through in true magnitude,—the cymbals, the beat of the drums—the low notes of the piano. And though your radio is playing softly, every instrument is retained in its proper proportion to the rest of the music.

All this glorious performance in these Stromberg-Carlsons has been made possible by a new circuit, new and extremely powerful tubes especially designed for Stromberg-Carlson, and a new dynamic speaker.

Once more, Stromberg-Carlson holds steadily to its tradition: to add quality to quality; to do all that telephone engineering skill can suggest so that radio may give greater enjoyment. Yet a Stromberg-Carlson costs so little more and gives so much more satisfaction, that not only *there is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson*, but in the long run nothing more economical.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW TUBES. Super-Triodes No. 2A3 and Vacuum Rectifier Tube No. 5Z3 (especially designed for Stromberg-Carlson) make possible a new, far superior audio system.

AUTOMATIC LOW-VOLUME TONE COMPENSATION. Strengthening of bass tones automatically as volume is lessened to meet room requirements . . . low tones fully heard at faint as well as loud volume.

DOUBLE PUSH-PULL AMPLIFICATION. Increases capacity for volume to the speaker six times. This makes possible a great reserve of distortion-free power to meet sudden crescendos in the program.

METER FOR VISUAL TUNING. In every receiver having Automatic Volume Control, a means of visual tuning is necessary. A highly sensitive, accurate meter is the best guide to the exact point for finest tone.

These new receivers have model numbers 48, 49 and 50, also the 51 (radio and automatic phonograph). Stromberg-Carlson prices range from $143 to $567.50. (East of Rockies.) Learn your nearest dealer's address from the classified section of the telephone directory.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS SINCE 1894

TOUGH SPOT

Mr. Courtney was walking east on Twelfth Street just off Fifth Avenue at 2:30 A.M. Sunday morning. He had been to a social gathering of a formal nature and was wearing a borrowed tuxedo, a silk scarf of his own, and his own cane. Although he had been drinking all evening, he was then only pleasantly exhilarated and feeling slightly adventurous. He had in his pocket $1.32 and it was his first day out of a job in a year.

A taxi slewed in to the curb and the driver called out, "Cab, buddy?"

"No," said Mr. Courtney, "I can't afford a cab. I'm about broke."

"I can take you to a nice little place, buddy . . . girls."

"I can't afford girls," said Mr. Courtney.

"Well listen, buddy," said the driver. "Come along and have a drink with me. I'll stand for them."

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney.

He got into the cab and they drove down through the Washington Arch and turned west on West Fourth Street. When the cab stopped, a man on the sidewalk rushed up and opened the door. The place looked like a run-down tenement. Mr. Courtney's friend started toward the door of the place.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Courtney. "I owe you thirty cents."

"No you don't," said the driver. "The ride's on me."

"I'm going to pay as I go," said Mr. Courtney, and gave him thirty cents, the reading on the meter.

Inside, there was a soft pink glow over everything. It looked rather swanky, offhand; a hat-check girl received the hat, gloves, scarf, and cane, and a greeter came forward.

"Will you have a table, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Courtney looked at the driver.

"Yes, we'll have a table," said the driver.

They went into a longish room that had an open space for dancing and little tables on the side. There were twelve or fifteen people sitting about, of whom more than half were platinum blondes. As soon as they sat down, a girl came over and sat down on Mr. Courtney's left. The driver was sitting at his right, looking a little bit out of place. The greeter came forward again.

"This is Miss Adam, Mr. . .?"

"Courtney," said Mr. Courtney. "How do you do, Miss Adam?"

They shook hands.

"What'll it be?" asked the driver.

"I don't know," said Mr. Courtney. "Are you paying for Miss Adam, too?"

"Sure," said the driver. A waiter was standing in front of them.

"I think I'd like a glass of wine," said Miss Adam.

"I'll have a glass of wine," said Mr. Courtney.

The waiter leaned down. "It would be better if you'd make it a quart, sir."

"Yes," said the driver. "That would be better."

"How much is a quart?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"I'll have to ask, sir." The waiter went off toward the bar, which was out of sight beyond the checkroom. Mr. Courtney looked at Miss Adam. She was not a platinum blonde and looked like a nice, homy girl. He liked her.

"How do you happen to be here, Miss Adam?" he inquired.

"I work here," she said. Mr. Courtney thought he ought to bring his friend into the conversation, so he said "How is business in your line?" to the driver.

"Tough," said the driver. "I go on at five in the afternoon and work till six in the morning. It's hard, I'm telling you!"

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Courtney. "But I've had tough jobs, too. Worked for Wells Fargo Express on a thirteen-hour shift for quite a long spell."

"No! You didn't really? What did you do?" asked Miss Adam.

"Slung trunks."

"What?"

"Trunks. People send them by express when they are so heavy that the excess baggage mounts up."

"And you slung them?" asked Miss Adam.

"Pardon me," said the driver. "You won't mind if I take mine at the bar. I don't wish to intrude."

"Not at all. Stick around," said Mr. Courtney. But the driver went away. A girl came with a tray of cigarettes.

"Do you wish cigarettes?" she inquired.

"No," said Mr. Courtney. "Perhaps Miss Adam does, though."

"I'd like a pack of Camels," said Miss Adam.

"How much are they?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"They are forty cents, sir," said the girl.

"I've got Paul Jones with me," said Mr. Courtney.

"I prefer Camels," said Miss Adam.

"All right," said Mr. Courtney. He drew a dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the girl. "That's my last one," he said to the girl. She went off to get change.

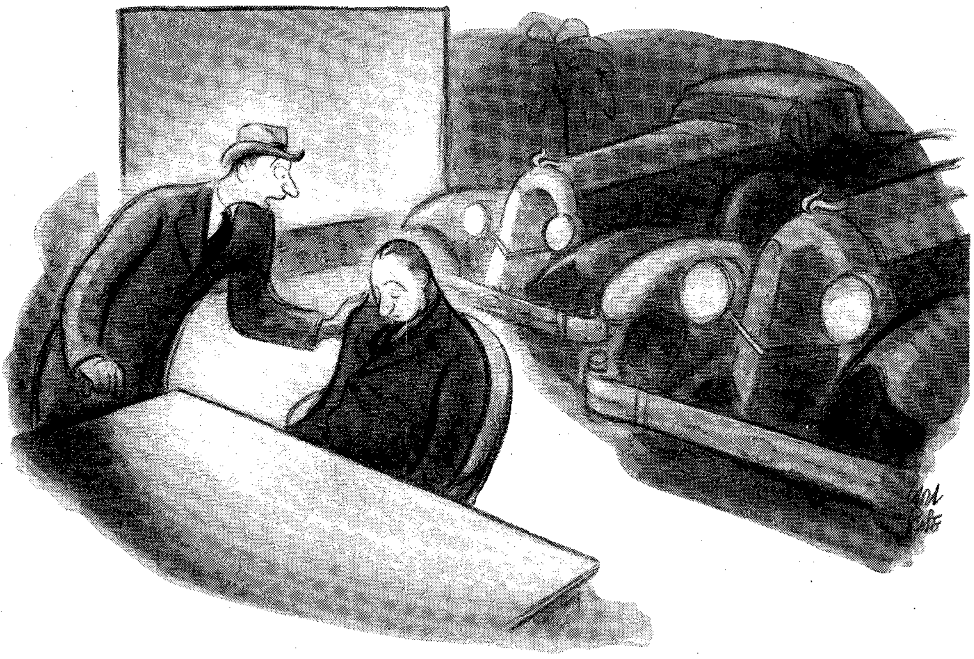
"What do you mean, that's your last one?" Miss Adam inquired.

"Just that," said Mr. Courtney. "Except that I have two cents and three house keys."

"My God!" said Miss Adam. "You're in a tough spot."

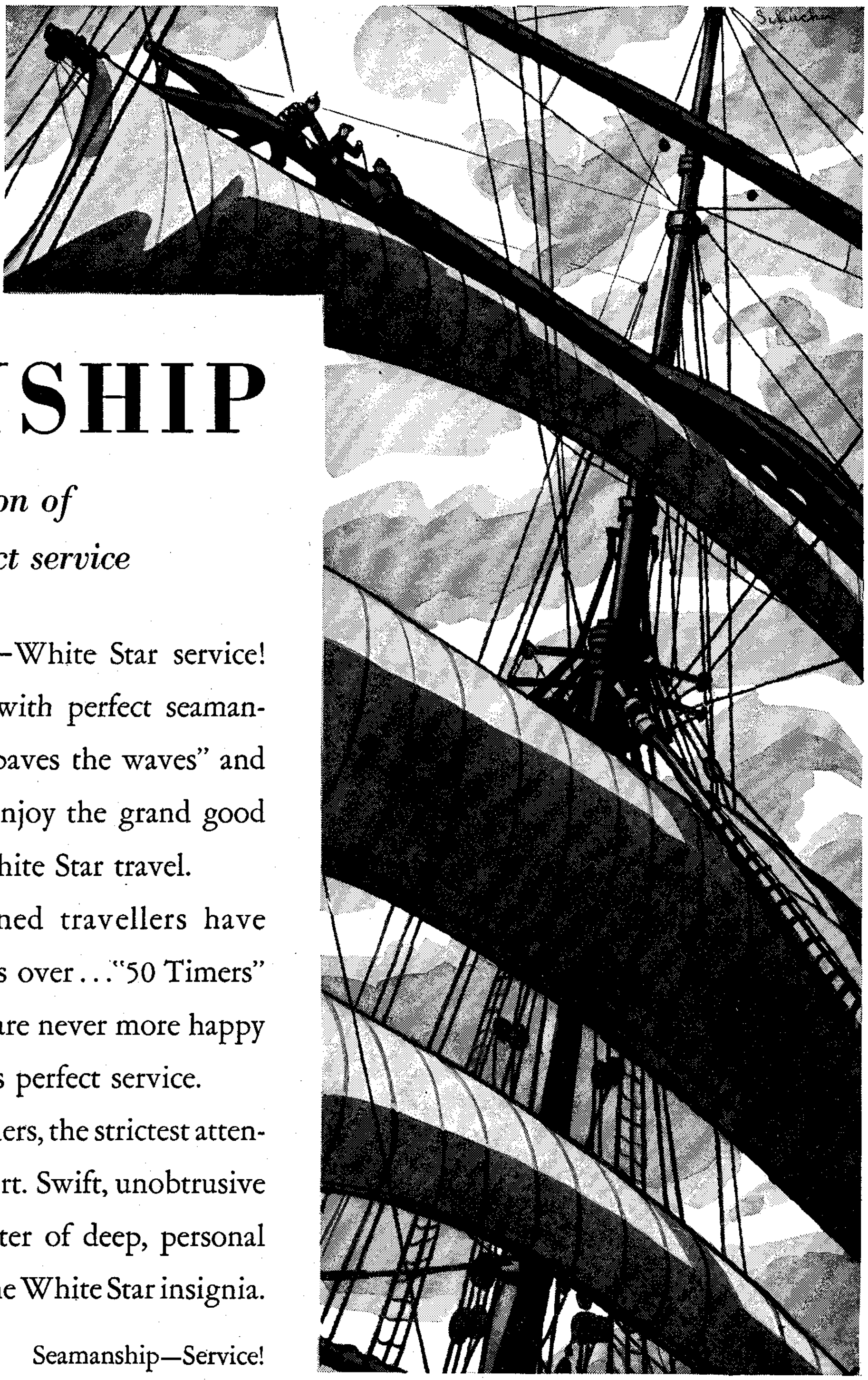
"Not at all," said Mr. Courtney. "I pay as I go."

The girl came back with the change, and Mr. Courtney put the sixty cents



"Hey, wake up! I'm a prospect!"

SCORES OF TRAVELLERS HAVE CHOSEN WHITE STAR MORE THAN FIFTY TIMES EACH



Forty years ago
... today's White Star
captains in the making

SEAMANSHIP

—the foundation of White Star's perfect service

A glorious tradition of the sea—White Star service! The perfect service that begins with perfect seamanship... expert knowledge that "paves the waves" and gives you every opportunity to enjoy the grand good time that's so much a part of White Star travel.

That's why scores of seasoned travellers have crossed with White Star 50 times over..."50 Timers"—those constant travellers who are never more happy than when enjoying White Star's perfect service.

You will find, on White Star liners, the strictest attention to every detail of your comfort. Swift, unobtrusive care for all your wants is a matter of deep, personal pride with every man who wears the White Star insignia.

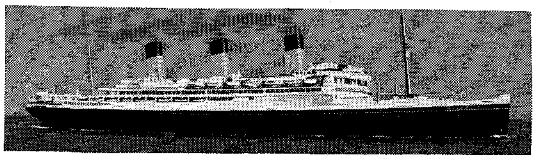
Seamanship—Service! That's why scores of travellers are glad to call themselves "50 TIMERS" —via White Star Line

It costs no more to enjoy the service that makes "50 TIMERS"

MAJESTIC *(world's largest ship)*
OLYMPIC **HOMERIC**
De luxe express service from New York to England and France

GEORGIC *(new)* **BRITANNIC** *(new)*
Largest British motor liners

ADRIATIC **LAURENTIC**
Cabin service from New York and Boston to Ireland and England



White Star Liner MAJESTIC, world's largest ship

For complete information apply to your local agent

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UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE
through your local agent

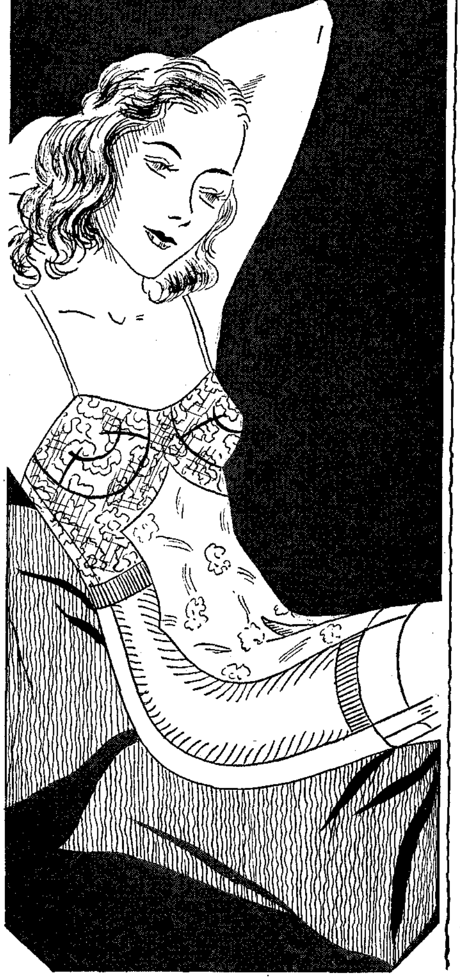
The New
Lily of France
Duo · Sette

TO choose one word descriptive of the Lily of France Corset, the perfect selection would be—

QUALITY

It's a meaningful word—quality—judiciously used—for it means quality inside and outside—quality in materials, quality in an extreme expression of style, and quality in everything which the finest corset in the world must possess.

MADE IN AMERICA
SOLD BY QUALITY STORES EVERYWHERE



in his pocket. The waiter came back with two glasses of wine.

"You can get a quart of the very finest imported for twenty dollars, sir."

"We don't want it, thanks," said Mr. Courtney. He sipped his wine.

"Can't I bring you something else, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"No," said Mr. Courtney, "because I couldn't pay for it. I'm about broke. The taxi-driver is paying for this drink. I'm telling you this for your own good, so that you won't be under any misapprehensions."

The waiter went quickly away. In a moment he returned with the greeter. Mr. Courtney noticed that the latter had a hard face.

"What's this about not paying for your drinks?" he inquired.

"I pay for my drinks, when I order them," said Mr. Courtney. "But I didn't order these. The taxi-driver that works for you ordered them."

"He doesn't work for this establishment," said the greeter. "He's only a Village guide."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Courtney. "I took him for a taxi-driver. He certainly looks like one. Has he gone?"

"Yes, he's gone. And you pay up right now."

"How much are these drinks?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"They are one-fifty apiece; that's three dollars, and a two-dollar cover charge."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Courtney, "because I've only got sixty-two cents." He fished in his pocket and laid everything on the table. "Sixty-two cents and three house keys. But I have only had three swallows of this very good wine. You can charge me fifteen cents a swallow, and that will leave fifteen cents for the tip. Since Miss Adam works for you and I have already treated her to a forty-cent pack of Camels, we are square all around."

"No we ain't, by a damn sight," said the greeter, and went quickly away.

"You *are* in a tough spot," said Miss Adam.

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Courtney. "I pay as I go."

HE did not touch the wineglass. In a moment the greeter returned with a heavy-set individual who in the old-time saloon would have been a bouncer, but here he was probably the floor manager. The manager sat down in the seat left vacant by the driver.

"Come across and damn quick," said the manager.

"Listen," said Mr. Courtney. "I

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was invited to come here and have a drink on a taxi-driver, or Village guide, who seems to have had access to your establishment. I told him I was about broke. Now that I have bought a pack of Camels, I am more broke. If he has left without paying the bill, that makes me responsible. O.K. That's my mistake. Now I'm offering you sixty-two cents. Take it or leave it."

"You're going to pay and pay plenty, buddy, and don't you forget it!" said the manager.

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney. "What do we do next? Call a cop?"

"No," said the manager, "we aren't going to call a cop. We've got other ways of taking it out of you."

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney. "You're showing me."

"Come along with me," said the manager.

Mr. Courtney rose. "Goodbye, Miss Adam. Very pleased to have met you."

Miss Adam looked a bit panicky and said nothing.

THE manager and Mr. Courtney went down the room to the far end, where a dark-jowled individual with a scar on his lip was sitting.

"This is the fellow," said the manager. "Trying to beat his bill."

Mr. Courtney explained in detail the events of the evening from the moment when the driver had hailed him. The proprietor, or general manager possibly, said nothing but stared fixedly at Mr. Courtney. Then he and the manager held a short, whispered conversation. The manager came over to Mr. Courtney.

"You're going to stay and work it out," he said, "unless you call a friend and make good."

"I can't reach any friends, and I might as well work it out," said Mr. Courtney. "What do I do?"

"Well," said the manager, "you're going to work it out plenty. You're going to wash dishes and sweep up."

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney, unbuttoning the lower button of his tuxedo. "I'm pretty speedy on dishes."

"Yeah? Well, don't forget if you break one, you pay for it."

"I haven't broken a dish in years," said Mr. Courtney. "I was a dishwasher for a couple of months and learned the trick."

"Joe!" the manager called to a waiter. "Have we got any dirty dishes left?"

"No, sir," said the waiter. "They are all cleaned up and put away."

The manager looked nettled. "Bring

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IST AUS

..but the memory lingers on

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us a broom, Joe." The waiter went and got a broom.

The manager said "Come along," and they went into the main part of the entertainment room. The twelve or fifteen people were still sitting around. "Now," he said to Mr. Courtney, "you do a good job."

Mr. Courtney took off his coat, hung it over a chair, and started to take off his vest. "Here!" said the manager. "You can't do that in here!" The platinum blondes giggled.

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney. "It makes no difference to me. How about a dustpan?"

"You don't need no dustpan," said the manager. "You can scoop it up with your hands—and like it!"

"I do," said Mr. Courtney. "I'm out of a job, and I like to work. But you'd better get me a dustpan. I'm only telling you for your own good."

"Joe!" called the manager to the waiter. "Where's our dustpan?"

"We haven't any, sir," said Joe. The platinum blondes giggled. The manager went over and held a short, whispered conversation with the proprietor, then he came back. "Put on your coat," he said. Mr. Courtney put on his coat. "Come along with me," said the manager.

THEY went into the bar and the manager said, "Give this gent a drink, and make it a good one."

"But look here," said Mr. Courtney, "you know I can't afford your prices, and I pay as I go."

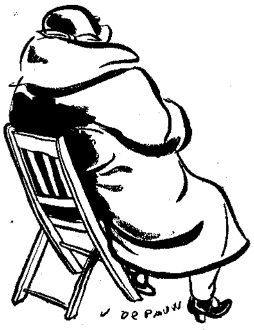
"Not this time, buddy," said the manager. "Got a family?"

"Yes," said Mr. Courtney. "Five."

"That's tough," said the manager. "That's damn tough. I sure hope you strike something soon."

"Thanks," said Mr. Courtney, swallowing his drink. He fished in his pocket, pulled out a quarter, and laid it on the bar.

"Nix," said the manager, pushing it back into Mr. Courtney's hand. Then he hooked his arm into Mr. Courtney's and they went into the checkroom. Mr. Courtney presented his hat check and



the girl passed over the articles. He laid a quarter on the tray. "Oh no, sir," she said, handing it back to him.

"Listen," said Mr. Courtney, "I pay as I go. You earn your tips."

"You'll need it more than me," she said with finality.

The greeter and the manager escorted him to the door, and the greeter took him down the long, dark hall to the outside door. Mr. Courtney found himself shaking hands with the greeter.

"I sure hope you strike something soon, buddy, for the kiddies' sake," said the greeter.

"Thanks," said Mr. Courtney, "and thanks especially for a pleasant evening. And give my regards to Miss Adam."

"Listen, buddy," said the greeter. "You go right home, and don't you stop nowheres to talk to nobody!"

"O.K.," said Mr. Courtney.

As he stepped onto the sidewalk, one of the drivers darted toward him shouting, "Seventy-five! Pay us that seventy-five cents you run up and damn quick!"

"Pipe down, you lousy baboons," said the greeter. "The guy's unemployed!"

—George Cronyn

•

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Like apoplectic fur balloons,
The three diminutive raccoons
In Central Park go scrambling round
Their little patch of wintry ground
In search of toothsome dividends—
Peanuts and sundry odds and ends
Proffered by casual passersby,
Though why the little rascals try
To bag their share I cannot see.
Their luck would soon discourage me,
What with two portly parents who,
Though roly-poly, manage to
Snare almost all the crackerjack,
Bread crumbs, and nuts. They hurtle back
And forth, batting the babes about,
Leaving no vestige of a doubt
In re the younger generation's
Privileges and dispensations.
And I am happy to behold
So fine a job done by the old
Folks, putting children in their place.
The raccoons are a splendid race!

—Margaret Fishback

•

After a 5,000-foot dive in an airplane John De La Motte, Ravenna, Nebr., contractor, said he recovered his hearing after being dead 25 years.—*Tacoma Daily Ledger.*

Probably a little apathetic about it, too.

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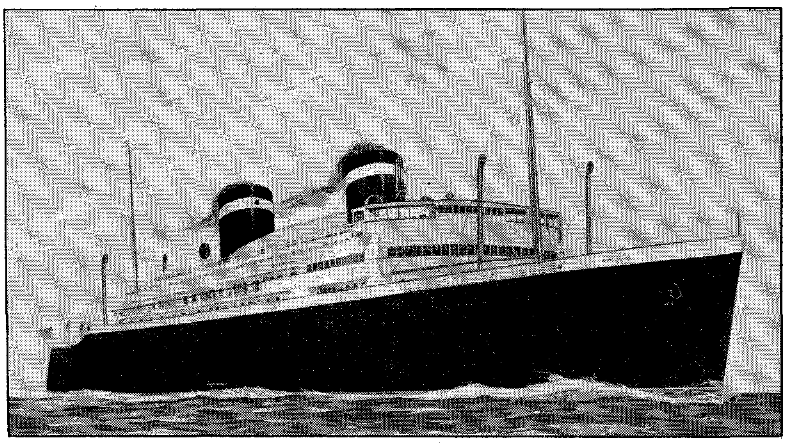

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

Paris, Feb. 20

THE FRENCH COUTURIERS, LIKE THE BIBLICAL HOST, SAVED THEIR BEST WINE FOR THE LAST. THE FINAL FIVE DAYS OF THE OPENINGS BROUGHT OUT THESE LITTLE JEWELS: LANVIN'S NEW PALE BLUES, LIGHT GRAYS, AND CRISSCROSS BLOUSES; DORMOY'S WOOLEN DRESSES WITH BLOUSE BACKS OF PRINTED SILK; BRUYÈRE'S UNLINED, FLARED RED COATS; AUGUSTABERNARD'S UNLINED, BIAS-CUT EVENING WRAPS; SCHIAPARELLI'S CARTRIDGE-PLEAT SLEEVES, NEW DARK GRAYS AND ORANGE REDS, AND KNITTED CIRCUS HATS; MOLYNEUX'S PERFECTLY HANDSOME BUT HARD-TO-DESCRIBE ANKLE-LENGTH STREET DRESSES; AND A CHANEL WITH WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED, FOR LACK OF A BETTER PHRASE, A VICTORIAN TOUCH. THIS WILL MAKE HER MAD, BUT THEN I AM PRETTY MAD ABOUT THE WHOLE BUSINESS. WHY DON'T AMERICAN BUYERS HOWL DEMANDS FOR A DECENT, ORDERLY SCHEDULE OF OPENINGS? OR ELSE COME OVER AND FRANKLY JOIN THE REVOLUTION?

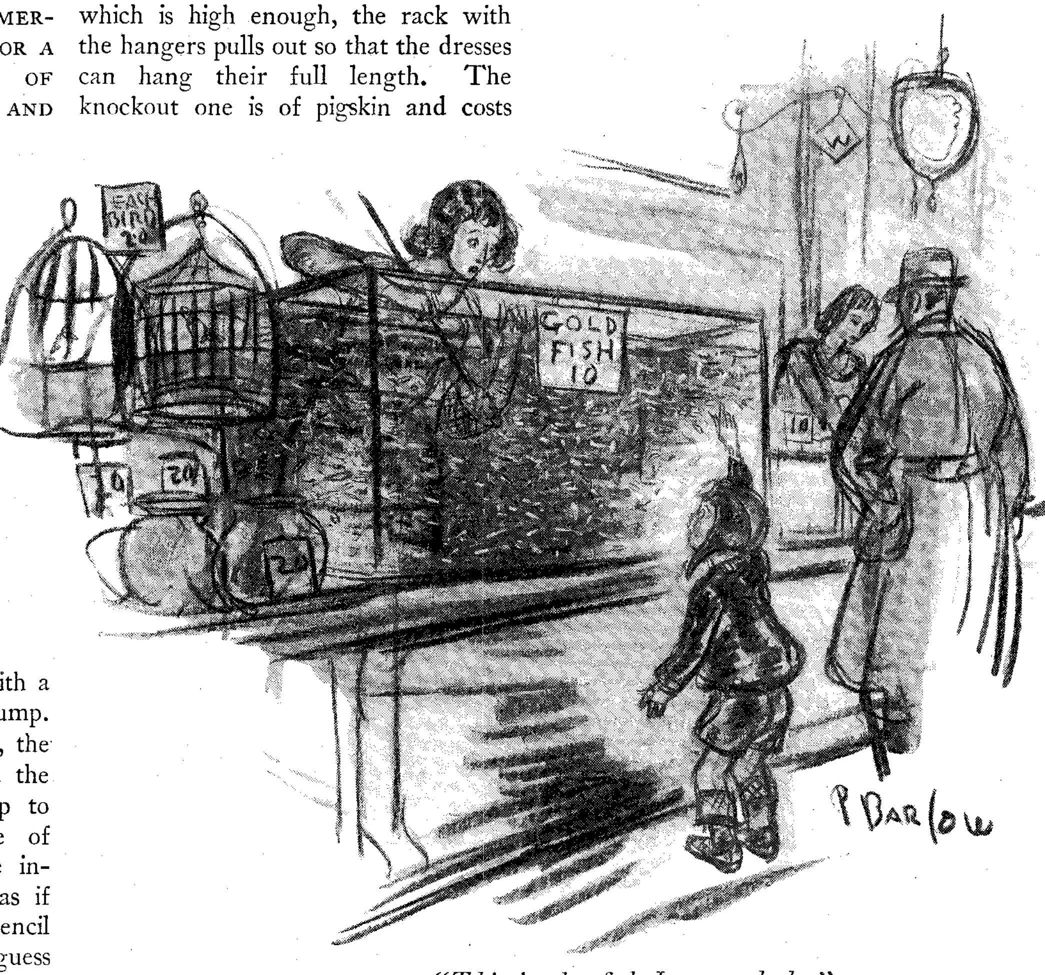
B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

WHILE my poor confrere goes mad in Paris (and I once went to three collections in one day there, and actually had to leave a swell party as early as four the next morning, I was that exhausted), I have been having a field day, throwing new beauty creams at my face, inspecting new gadgets, and leering behind my hand when I got sympathy about how hard I have to work. For instance:

I. Miller is having a success with a snappy indeed new opera pump. The vamp is short but not chichi, the toe is round but not stubby, and the pump is square across the instep to minimize cutting. It is made of "swagger calf," which has little indentations all over it that look as if you had been jabbing it with a pencil for hours. . . . You never can guess what Jay-Thorpe will be up to next. This time, it is the little hat bar on the mezzanine floor, very jackandcharlie except that their inexpensive hats (fifteen and eighteen dollars) lurk where bottles ought to be. Whatever is the world coming to! . . . Contempora has designed the best-looking gloves you ever saw in your *vie*. They are of fine kid, with smart and trick, yet simple, decorations down the back of the hand. One little tailored glove in beige kid has a single line of dark-brown leather whipping down the centre, with a little tassel at the wrist; another, in gray, has a crisscross of darker gray. All of them are worth seeing and are exclusive with Saks-Fifth Avenue. . . . Oshkosh, the wag, has brought forth a perfect wardrobe case for a cabin or a Pullman drawing-room. The bottom part has a separate compartment for shoes and ample room for lingerie froufrous; the top part has six hangers for your dresses. The advantage of the latter is that it is so arranged that you can pull out one dress without disrupting the others, and also that, if you put the case on a table or rack which is high enough, the rack with the hangers pulls out so that the dresses can hang their full length. The knockout one is of pigskin and costs sixty-five dollars, but there are others for much less; at the Oshkosh store at 10 East Thirty-fourth Street.

I HAVE kept my temper (which is fiery), my patience (which is short-lived), and I have shut up (which is difficult for an extrovert) while I watched the newspapers falling with loud screams for trousers for girls. Now everybody is beginning to call *me* up and ask my solemn opinion whether or not they are to take the place of the horse. I ask you, do you know more than two girls with thighs long and thin enough, with an oofla flat enough in back, and with enough innate swagger to look better in trousers than in skirts? If you do, I'll give yez a bonus. Sure they have been seen around, but anybody who has been to a cocktail party lately knows to what lengths even nice girls will go to get a little attention. If you are built for the things, girls, please go to somebody like Basil Durant or Wetzel, and get them tailored right. Whenever a man's shop tries to make women's clothes, or a woman's shop tries



"This is the fish I want, lady."

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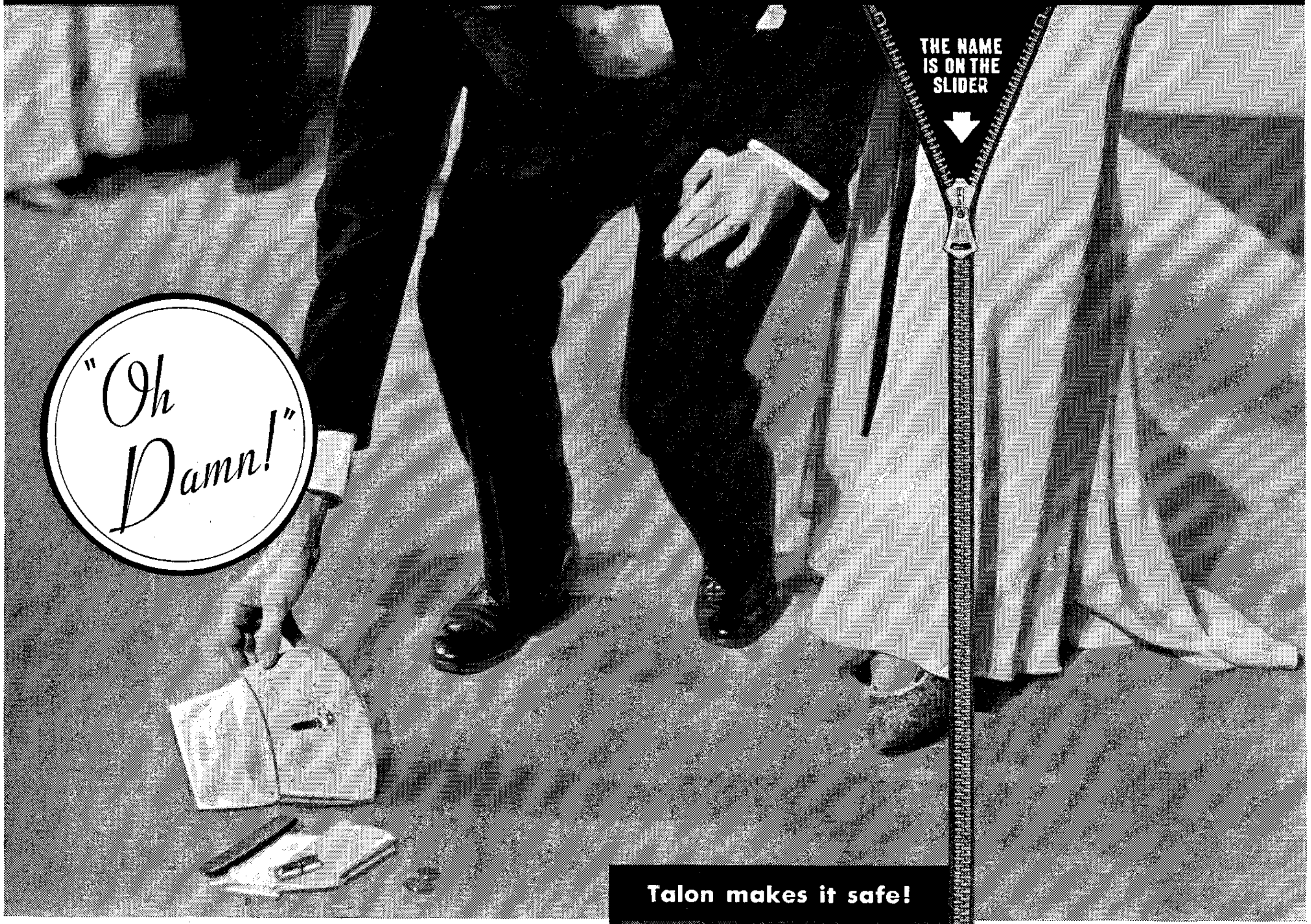
"Oh Damn!"
THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

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EMBARRASSED . . . BOILING MAD. THERE THEY WERE . . . ALL OVER THE LOT. SOMEONE JUST KICKED HER COMPACT DOWN THE FLOOR. HER CHANGE SCATTERED EVERYWHERE . . . OH DAMN!

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Without exaggeration, you'll find at Fortnum & Mason all those things that add to the comfort and distinction of the man who must be well dressed without being dressed-up. And you'll get your money's worth.

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to adapt men's, they do awful things. In this last explosion, they have made the crotch very low, and all I can think of is Jimmy Savo in a state of uncertainty whether his pants are going to hold up till he gets off the stage.

JUST a few notes on the face you should wear underneath the new hats: I have gone around for years snitching atomizer sprays of Le Dandy from the dressing-tables of friends, but never knew about the Comtesse D'Orsay creams and such. There is a skin-toning lotion that is a little love: it pours like thick cream, absorbs gorgeous, and is faintly astringent. People say you don't need to use anything else, which isn't so, but it is as swell an "all-purpose" cream as you will find in many a long day. Another pet-of-the-week is D'Orsay's skin food. It is a rich, luscious cream of the type of Marie Earle's Essential Cream. . . . The pick-me-up of the week is Rubinstein's Herbal Masque, just packed with every herb you ever heard of. You spread one coat on your face; then you apply a thicker coat and loaf around in it for twenty minutes or an hour. (You look all right while it is going on, too—doesn't frighten the baby or anything.) You then remove heem with hot water, apply cream, and make up. It isn't one of those terrifying circulation pullers-upper, either. . . . Elizabeth Arden now gives a swell freshening-up facial in half an hour that, miraculously enough, really *does* take only half an hour. . . . Afterward, I learned that I am the last girl in town to discover No Shine. You powder your face while this clear liquid is still damp on your nose. Usually my nose is indomitable about being luminous all the time, but this frustrates it completely for hours, and you don't get that horrible caked look. . . . Alexandra de Markoff has the grandest toilet essence to slap on your skin after a bath. It smells of roses and other romantic flowers, it doesn't seem to dry the skin, and after you've used it, men who loved you for your character begin talking about your sex appeal. . . . Yvonne Ganne, who makes grand hats, now has Mme. de Boor's beauty products clutched exclusively to her bosom.

—L. L.

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[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner*]

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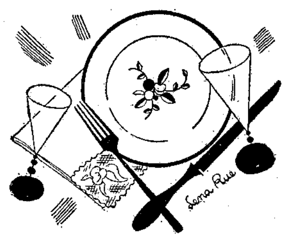

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A STILTON cheese matured in port wine, familiarly known to its numerous friends as "The old Soak." In 12 ounce crocks at $1.75.

A WEDELLSBORG from Denmark (no one else in town imports this cheese) at 85c. It's a Scandinavian saga in itself.

CAVIAR—fresh from Russia, large grey eggs from pedigreed Sturgeons and especially selected for us, 5 oz. jar, $3.75; 9 oz. $6.75; 1 lb. $12.

YORK HAMS—the lordliest member of the whole ham family. Treated by a carefully guarded process that gives them an added tang and flavor. They weigh about 12 pounds and we cook them for you. The price per pound is 90c.

YARMOUTH BLOATERS—a tantalizing accompaniment to the morning toast and coffee. And we have them at 25c a tin.

AKBAR COFFEE—we're proud of it, it's the *only* coffee we have, and we prefer to grind it fresh for you. The pound, 60c.

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ET MON
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MUSICAL EVENTS

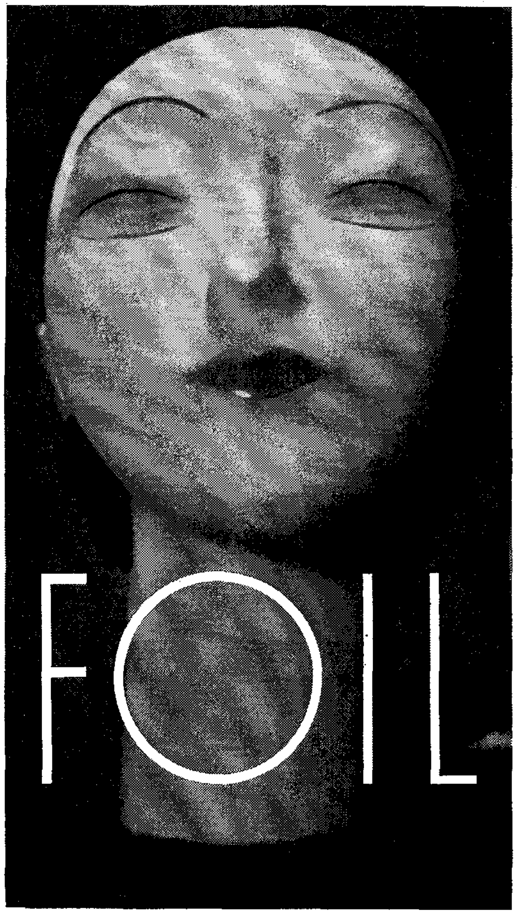
Wagner Worship—Mr. Berezowsky's Fantasia

MUSICIANS are the most alert of anniversary celebrants, and the passing of fifty years since Wagner's death prompted Mr. Walter to revive a movement from the master's early symphony in C.

The excellent playing by the Philharmonic-Symphony of more familiar Wagnerian items on the same program did sufficient honor to the occasion, but the excerpt from the youthful symphony may have helped some of the Wagnerites to recall that Wagner was a worker as well as a genius, that he didn't change the history of music while you waited, and that when he was learning his trade he wrote like a man who was getting acquainted with his business. Mr. Walter did valuable service in resurrecting the fragment (although the overture to "Die Feen" would have been more startling to the listeners), if only to prove that Wagner didn't always say the last word.

THIS season, thanks to almost all of our orchestral maestri and to Mr. Bodanzky's fine efforts at the Metropolitan, Wagner has become an untouchable. If ever a composer has been regarded as beyond criticism, beyond praise, beyond words, it has been Wagner this year; and it's not the best thing that could have happened to him, either. Conductors still treat his scores as if they were alive, but singers and stage directors handle him like a sacred corpse. Except for Mr. Sanine's introduction of fainting in coils into the second-act finale of "Tannhäuser," nothing has been done to suggest that the Wagnerian operas might be considered as interesting drama.

If anyone is seeking a way to start operatic excitement, he need look no farther than the experiment of staging Wagner on the basis of what Wagner wrote rather than as a frequently meaningless or silly repetition of old devices. Let him take any one of the operas as if it were a new work and produce it with contemporary theatrical intelligence. It might be wrong, it might bring boos from those who think that the Lohengrin-Telramund duel has to be a belly-bumping match, it might



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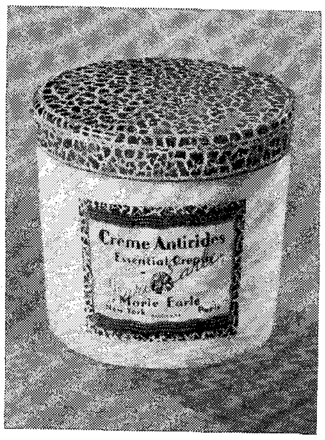

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annoy singers whose acting always has been a slow-motion, public-address system, but it would help to take opera out of the dumps—perhaps even out of the red.

LEON BARZIN, the able young conductor of the National Orchestral Association, brought forward one of the year's best novelties in a fantasy for two pianos and orchestra by Nicolai Berezowsky, whose compositions have almost clicked in the past and who came into his own with this new opus. The exceptionally nimble and musical team of Vera Brodsky and Harold Triggs ran off the piano parts brilliantly, and Mr. Barzin's young men and women managed a not too simple score cleanly and effectively. The fantasy is built on an intelligible pattern with themes that are easy to grasp and to follow, and it's worth a place in anybody's repertoire.

On the same program, the Philharmonic-Symphony's Mr. Wallenstein brought back to life Tschaikowsky's Rococo variations for 'cello and orchestra. These variations can be a swell bore if the 'cellist isn't a generalissimo of his instrument, but Mr. Wallenstein is all of that, and the result was another large credit, not only for the 'cellist but for the active and enterprising Association. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

"Otello" Entire — More "Siegfried"—Symphonies

IT'S a tempting winter for record-collectors. Verdi's "Otello" (how would you like to hear it at the Metropolitan with Mme. Rethberg and the Messrs. Melchior and Tibbett?) is available in its entirety, made in Italy (H.M.V. Album 157), and well directed by the reliable Carlo Sabajno, with an excellent Iago (Apollo Granforte) and a competent lot of singers except, perhaps, for the slightly croupy hero. The only other opera of recent months is a light opera: "Princess Ida," one of the lesser Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces, but still bright entertainment, done in the best Rupert D'Oyly Carte manner in H.M.V. Album 169.

"SIEGFRIED" is not yet ready as a complete unit, but there are two new albums of excerpts which, combined with previous releases, make it possible to assemble almost the entire music drama. Victor Musical Masterpiece Album 161 contains long stretches from the first and second acts, sung by the Messrs. Melchior and Schorr, with help from the non-Metropolitan Messrs. Tessmer and Habich. These records were on sale previously as importations, but now they appear domestically. The latest importation of "Siegfried" is H.M.V. Album 166, containing the finale of the opera, sung by the industrious Mr. Melchior and Mme. Florence Easton, an extraordinary vocal presentation ably conducted by Robert Heger.

THERE are two new releases of violin concerti: the Beethoven, played gorgeously by Joseph Szigeti with a fine accompaniment led by Bruno Walter (Columbia Masterworks Album 177), and the Elgar, sung out masterfully by Yehudi Menuhin's fiddle to an orchestral background directed by Sir Edward himself (Victor Musical Masterpiece 174). Both are modern recording at its best. Columbia adds another Beethoven string offering: the Quartet in C-sharp Minor, Op. 131, handled in characteristic fashion by the expert Léners (Masterworks 175).

CONTEMPORARIES are not neglected by the recorders, for Victor presents a notable engraving of Sibelius' Fourth Symphony, considered by some listeners the finest modern symphony, by Mr. Stokowski and The Philadelphia Orchestra (Musical Masterpiece 160); and Stravinsky's esoteric "L'Histoire du Soldat" appears as a Columbia importation (LFX 263-5), with the composer leading a group of instrumental virtuosi.

Those who wonder what the earlier Tschaikowsky symphonies are like will leap for Victor's Musical Masterpiece Album 166, on which Mr. Coates and the London Symphony have done the almost unknown third symphony, an obvious but thoroughly enjoyable forerunner of the "Pathetic." —R. A. S.

•

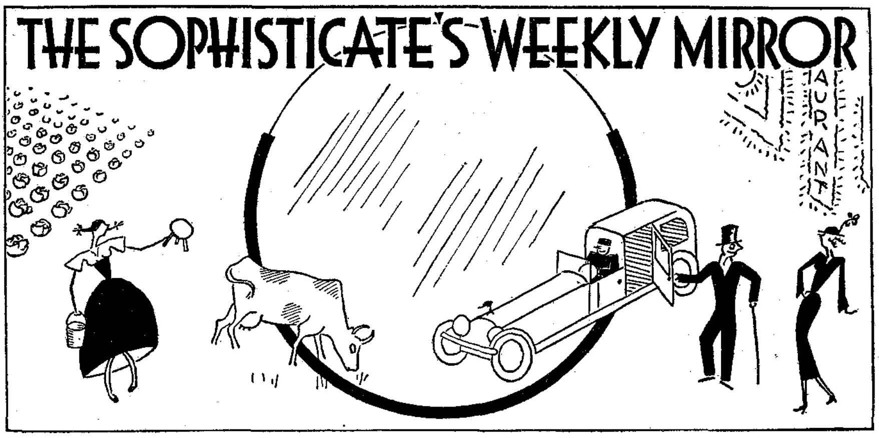
Once when trying out a new car, he smashed a taxi in front of the royal palace, and at another time ran down two British tourists. Wireless is another of his hobbies.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Fits another mood.

•

His sister tries to borrow it from a married man whom loves her.—*The Times.*

Loves her because of an unhappy whom-life.



BROKEN HEARTS

ADVICE TO THE LOVELYLORN

DEAR MADAME RUBINSTEIN: Boo-hoo! I was once a raving beauty. Everyone in my home town talked about my wonderful peaches-and-cream complexion. But when I was sixteen a handsome stranger came to town. He said he was from New York—across Brooklyn Bridge—but that we wouldn't cross that bridge until we came to it. Anyway he offered me a job in the Follies, for he too, thought I was a raving beauty.

STILL RAVING—Well, I came to New York, and immediately things broke for me. First my lipstick broke, then my eyebrow pencil. The white lights seemed to change everything. Even the powder in my vanity got loose. However, undaunted, I decided that this was just life in the great city and that I would make good. I worked at my job day and night. What was my reward? My beauty left me. The handsome stranger is more of a stranger than ever, and now I'm what in show business we call "resting." My complexion is gone, my eyes have lost their lovely sparkle, my lips their rosy hue. And I'm getting WRINKLES.

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—The worst of it is that today I received a letter from my old beau in the home town, who is a big butter and pasteurized milk man. He says he will never give me up—that he is coming here in two days to take me away from it all and make me his little wife. I cannot see him, looking as I do. Please help me. I am willing to spend any amount of money to get back my beauty. It will be worth it, if I marry John.

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DEAR CHILD: My heart bleeds for you. But you will regain your peaches-and-cream complexion at once if you use my powder in the new Peachbloom shade. I created Peachbloom especially to give women of every age a peaches-and-cream complexion, to bring the bloom of youth to the cheeks. As for your eyes, my Iridescent Eye Shadow, flecked with silver, flecked with gold, will give them back their sparkle, make them look like pools of color, reflecting tiny lights. Green, blue, blue-green, violet-gold. And my Eyelash Grower and Darkener will make your lashes long and lovely! My Mascara will give them that look of dark-fringed beauty.

And as soon as my new Red Poppy Lipstick touches your lips they will look alluring, youthful, provocative. They will smile, for Red Poppy is the merriest shade, and the handsome stranger will return, ha! too late, for John will be there to claim you.

Nor is my make-up expensive. My powders are from 1.00 to 5.50. My lipsticks in all shades, including Red Coral, Red Geranium, and Red Raspberry, 1.00, 2.00; my Eye Make-Up, 1.00.

Before you put on your make-up, I suggest that you use my Pasteurized Face Cream, made of pure Pasteurized milk. It cleanses, nourishes, revitalizes the tissues and serves as a powder base. 1.00.

It is absurd for you to have wrinkles at your age; so come to my salon one day soon and get one of my beauty cocktails, the new Youthifying Herbal Masque, a marvelous quick pick-me-up beauty treatment, which I have had prepared in 2.00 sizes for home use. The Herbal Masque drives away wrinkles and crowsfeet, lifts the contour. Leaves you feeling so young and fresh. Whether you have a treatment or not, come to my salon and have—without obligation—a skin analysis, and let me create a Personality Make-Up especially for you.

If you are willing to spend 10.00 to look young again, I can promise you amazing results. Instead of working day and night, let my Hormone Day Cream and Hormone Night Cream work for you. The Hormone Youthifying Creams actually carry the hormones, those vital regenerating essences of youth far below the skin—right to the tissues and there, replace old skin cells with young ones. John will want young ones.

helena rubinstein

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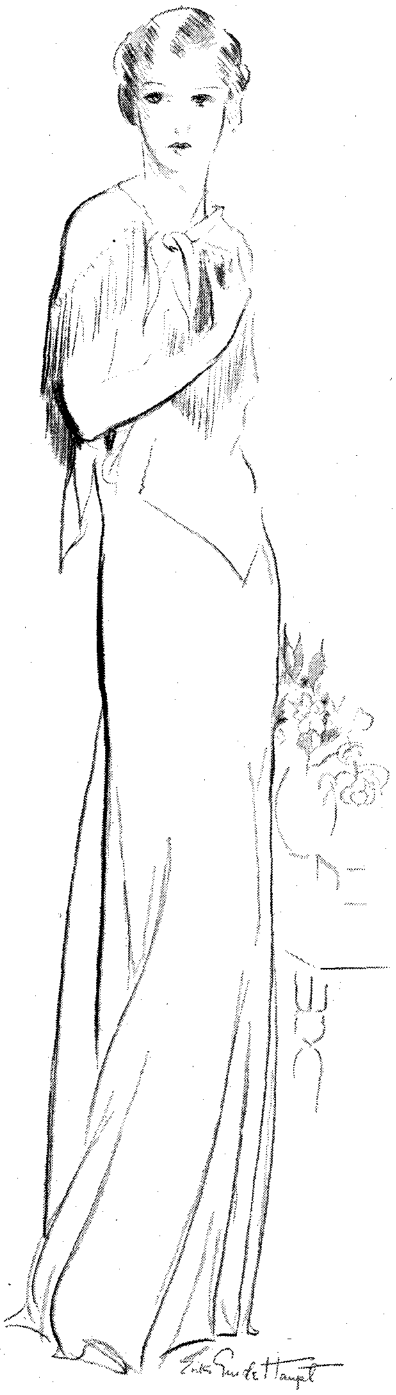

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THE RACE TRACK

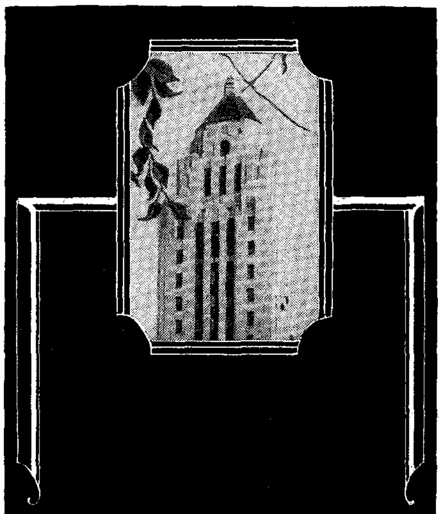
Miami Midseason—
Advantages of a Tote

The Kings Horses
JR

IT is human nature to make excuses for lapses in equine nature. If the horse you back is beaten, the first thing you do is search for an excuse. Was he ready? Was he left at the start? Was he interfered with? Did he get a bad ride? You blame the trainer or the jockey, but seldom the horse. (The Honourable George, Diogenes Checkpoints, and my busiest outside man will compile another list of trainers' and jockeys' alibis later in the season.) Still, there was a valid excuse for the defeat of Mrs. Payne Whitney's Jungle King in the Bahama Handicap at Miami. He is a long-striding colt, and after getting away on the wrong foot never went well until the stretch. Then he just failed to catch Character, who has acquired a decidedly better character than he had last autumn. I expect Jungle King will beat Character when they meet at a mile or nine furlongs.

There's something curious about Hialeah Park at midseason: even more than at Saratoga, all men are equal on the turf before five o'clock—perhaps because one has so few illusions after a morning on the beach. Of course everybody who comes to Miami goes to the races, and so during the past fortnight the enclosure of the Hialeah Club (someone called it the Junior Turf & Field Club) reminded one of the Democratic National Committee's headquarters, or the clubhouse at Jamaica on a Saturday afternoon. I don't know how much progress has been made toward legislative relief for the New York tracks (the dates for the season will be announced the middle of next month), but I trust it will be sufficient to give racing a definite standing and permit it to contribute revenue to the State Treasury. I hope Mr. Curry and Mr. McCooey were not too much sold—as the efficiency experts say—on the totalizator.

ONE of the things I like about the tote, however, is that you ask for tickets by the program number instead of the name of the horse you want to back. Naming a horse may be an owner's privilege, but if you'd ever



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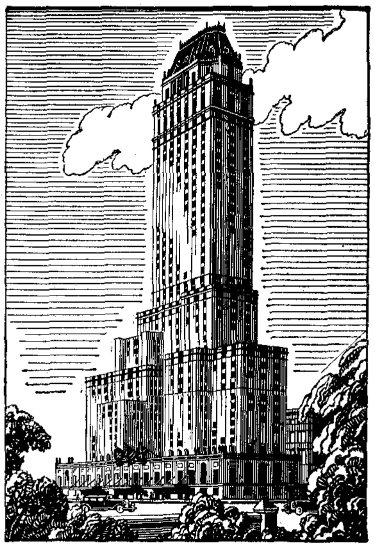

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Charles Pierre, *Managing Director*

tried to bet on Iseult, Psyche, Dodiodo, or Bacciocco on the lawn at home, or in the mutuels at the Maryland tracks, you'd wish you could ask for No. 1, 2, 3, or 4 instead.

HIALEAH AFTERNOONS: The slick *young men wearing* white caps, and the blonde young women, extra-suntanned, rouging their fingernails to match their lips. . . . Arthur Brisbane appearing in a prewar bowler, and Barclay Warburton in an almost-Berry-Wall collar. . . . Joe McKee sitting in the box John Curry occupied a few days before. . . . Joe Widener riding back to Palm Beach alone in his luxurious trailer. . . . Frank Carter agreeing that they do things better at Hialeah than in France. . . . The stewards watching the black swans while the horses parade to the post. . . . And Lester Doctor saying that when Joe Widener put in all those improvements at his track, he overlooked one: a wailing wall.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

JIGSAW

Give me that little scrap of tree—
And take this bit of roof!
That's grass, I guess; and this must be
The off coach-horse's hoof!
Now just a minute; please don't mind;
This fits that jag of red;
And *this* goes thus—and so we find
The landlord *has* a head!
Just like those English supplements
To Christmas magazines,
Though I really cannot see much sense
To Merrie England scenes!
Now take those clippers wing-and-
  wing,
Or that lion by the sea—
They're really more the sort of thing
That have appeal for me.
No! *No!* Don't put that wiggly one
Down there. . . . Like this. . . . Look
  here!
I guess that funny piece was done
To represent a deer.
You've nearly finished with the wall?
Well, how about this tree?
No, I can't find my ear at all. . . .
You say I've got your knee?
You keep the horses where they were!
I've got that coachman now. . . .
Oh, look; it's her father kissing
  her! . . .
That horn goes on the cow. . . .

So, with a desperate intent,
They strove from plight to plight. . . .
And one who wondered what it meant
Fled gibbering through the night!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

To Investors

in the Mid-Town Section

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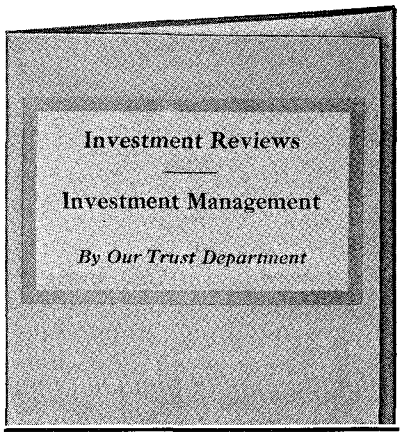

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CLUB RESIDENCES

New York

THE TRAVELER

THE first time I went to the café in my little Spanish town, Bartolomé, the stubby proprietor, tried to make me feel at home with reminiscence and English. "One year I was in the U.S.," he said. "Look, I was in Boston, Mass.; Philly, P.A.; Cincinnati, K.Y. I was all over. Sure!"

That was, I found, about all the English Bartolomé remembered. It made me wonder whether he had ever really been in my country or had picked up his tale and his words from tourists. I became downright suspicious when, on a subsequent visit, he greeted me: "Look, I was in the U.S. One year! I was in Chicago, Ill.; Nashville, Tenn. Sure, I was in Boston, Mass."

I didn't care very much, though, whether the best Bartolomé could do was to vary his cities a little in supporting his boast, since he rendered me a delicate service by furnishing me with American cigarettes for sixteen cents a package instead of the thirty cents the government tobacco shops charged. Bartolomé's cigarettes were smuggled, of course, and strictly against the law, and under the suspicion of the frequent minions of the National Guard, who were supposed to stop the practice.

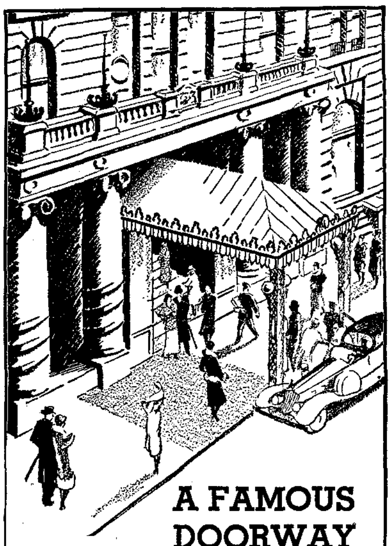
WALKING into the café one day to get some cigarettes, I was rather taken aback to discover a member of the National Guard sitting there. The *carabinero*, his rifle resting on his knees and a large revolver decorating one hip, gave an ominous air to the place and a damp aspect to my illegal intention. Nevertheless, I needed cigarettes so badly that before Bartolomé could come out from behind his zinc bar, I stepped up to it and asked in a whisper whether he had any of the usual thing.

The procedure that followed, including as it did Bartolomé's regular boast in English, convinced me that his claims were actually true.

"One year I was in the U.S.," he told me. "I was in Detroit, Mich. Look!"

Then he gave a low hiss and glanced over at the National Guard. At these manifestations, the *carabinero* took up his rifle, rose to his feet, and very solemnly marched out of the café.

"Sure," Bartolomé said as he slipped a pint of Camels over the zinc, "I was in Philly, P.A.; Chicago, Ill.; I was all over." —Theodore Pratt



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

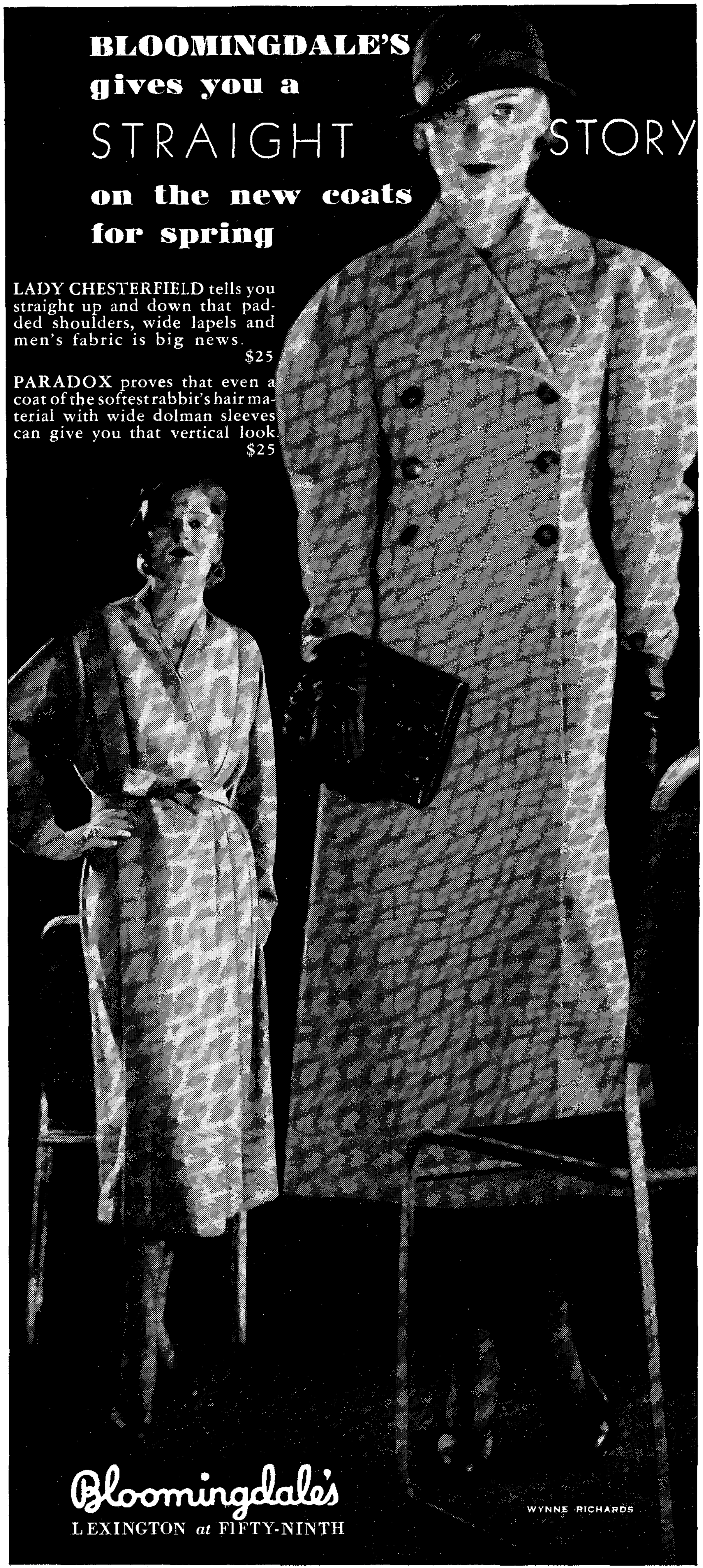
International Tsetse Week — Dull Stolz

THERE was one picture shown around town last week about the sleeping sickness, and a slight attack of the malady might help you through a number of the new movies they're bringing out now. In passing, I might report on this particular cinematic venture, which is called "Nagana," but don't let any hero worship for the Martin Johnsons, any special passion for darkest Africa or wild-animal movies in general, make you think that you must see it. "Nagana," it seems, is African for sleeping sickness, and there is the merry buzz of the tsetse fly throughout the film. Along with the tsetse fly, the cast includes an odd heroine in a tropical black velvet, some natives in feathers, a scientist or two, and a few disgruntled Hollywood crocodiles. This is already too much about "Nagana," though, little as there is to be said for the other offerings we have on hand.

SOMETHING, if not the tsetse fly, must have nibbled those various persons concerned with "The Great Jasper." This picture irritatingly plays with an interesting character and offers moments of promise, such as a scene with Edna May Oliver as a fortune-telling old hussy, but unfailingly loses track of all the cheerful possibilities that occur.

The movie is curious, perhaps, as an instance of that wild effort now and then found in the profession to describe a rake in terms that will make him acceptable to the women of clubs and societies with the betterment of our social system at heart. The distortion of any plot so treated is, of course, an agony.

The scamp in this case, given an endearing brogue that is something of a burden for Richard Dix from the start, is at first a streetcar motorman and at last a fortune-teller. The Casanova appeal of a person with such a career can be imagined. Unfaithful to his own wife with the wife of his manager, and, we gather, with any other fascinator who crosses his path, he is yet to be forgiven all because he



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vows on his deathbed to his injured spouse that he will be true to her when he is among the angels.

A WEIRD thing is "The Mystery of the Wax Museum," weird and awful, especially where its humor is concerned. This gaiety is built about the personality of a young lady newspaper reporter who must get a story to hold her job and who must laugh to live. Her facetious merriment sets off the action of the tale, especially in the morgue scenes. That girl is a scream in the morgue. She is also a riot in the laboratory of an old lunatic who makes the props for his own Eden Musée by pouring hot wax over his manacled, still living victims. The lunatic makeup is a stunt of ghastliness, but among the horror films of the year "Wax Museum" ranks low because of its heroine's high spirits.

THERE is a good bit of tsetse in "The Ghost Train," an English picture (and you know what that means), thanks also to humor, that English humor which twists our Yankee hearts so fearfully when it goes wrong. And there is something wrong with "Face in the Sky," which begins in the rustic scene and ends up in the midst of the wicked city, but includes a bit of sudden fantasy with music, possibly indicative of the heroine's delirium. All the young women offered for our observation this week seem to be a little unbalanced in one way or another.

PERHAPS there is hope for you if you speak German—if you can understand German talkies, anyhow—for there were burly Teutons in the audience at the Globe the other night who roared and guffawed at the jests in "Ich Will Nicht Wissen Wer Du Bist!" The "Zwei Herzen" people produced this and the music is Robert Stolz's, but it's dull Stolz, I fear.

—J. C. M.

•

Meat for stews should be quite lean with a very little fat, and little if any hope.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post.*

Why introduce that note into a stew?

•

DOCTOR'S assistant or boiler fireman; settled, married; references. H. H. Hutton. Endicott 9468.—*Adv. in Cleveland News.*

We don't see how you're exactly settled.

LOEW'S
Feb. 24, 25, 26 — "20,000 YEARS IN SING SING" Spencer Tracy—Bette Davis
Feb. 27, 28 — DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. in "PARACHUTE JUMPER"
Mar. 1, 2 — "WHISTLING IN THE DARK" with Ernest Truex and Una Merkel
LEXINGTON LEX. AVE. AT 51ST. ST.

LOEW'S
Feb. 24, 25, 26, 27 — "20,000 YEARS IN SING SING" Spencer Tracy—Bette Davis
Tues., Wed., Thurs. Feb. 28-Mar. 1, 2 — 2—BIG FEATURES—2 "WHISTLING IN THE DARK" with Ernest Truex and Una Merkel and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "PARACHUTE JUMPER"
72nd ST. THEATRE BET. LEX. *and* 3rd

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents Sidney Howard's
ALIEN CORN
Belasco Theater

ARCH SELWYN PRESENTS
TALLULAH BANKHEAD in
(In Person)
FORSAKING ALL OTHERS
A comedy by Edw. W. Roberts & Frank Morgan Cavett
TIMES SQ. THEATRE—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
American Dream
By George O'Neill
GUILD THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
Alfred LUNT Lynn FONTANNE Noel COWARD
"DESIGN FOR LIVING"
A new play by MR. COWARD
Ethel Barrymore Thea., 47th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:20. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:25

SAM H. HARRIS Presents
"Dinner At Eight"
A New Play In Eleven Scenes
by
George S. Kaufman & Edna Ferber
MUSIC BOX *Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:35 sharp Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:35*

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PAULINE LORD in
THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN
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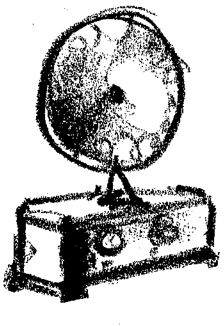
JACK HALEY ETHEL MERMAN JACK WHITING
Sid Silvers June Knight Mitzi Mayfair
APOLLO West 42d St. Evenings at 8:30, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

OVER THE WAVES

An Infant Industry?

No Visitors, N.Y.



SOME weeks ago, the justly popular Lanny Ross of Charles Winninger's Show Boat troupe, another Yale man and therefore a deep thinker, sought to determine the average mental age of us radio addicts. His research work involved the submission of a questionnaire to a number of twelve-year-old kiddies (God bless them), and virtually the entire class had the answers right. They all knew, for example, that Paul Whiteman was the King of Jazz, that his name appeared in *Who's Who*, and that the Street Singer was not Ben Alley.

This proved something to Mr. Ross, or else it didn't—I've forgotten which. Anyway, his investigation set me to wondering about the mental age of the members of the other team: the artists themselves, and the writers of song, comedy, and drama, the advertising agencies and the sponsors, the network heads—everyone connected with the production end of an industry responsible for the worst epidemic of cerebral paralysis since the Democratic Convention in San Francisco.

Eight months of constant listening have whetted the undersigned's intellect to a keenness that renders it incapable of composing a questionnaire, let alone replying to one. But when the dirgelike strains of Roseland's dance music have goaded me into resting all tubes, I occasionally make brief notes of things that are either mystifying or instructive, and I will now enlarge on two or three of them so that you may help me estimate the degree of sanity, sagacity, and general intelligence possessed by the various species of human beings on whom we depend for entertainment and edification. Hello, Jimmy dear (a son away at school).

ONE. Last fall, the agency handling John H. Woodbury, Inc., the soap people (folks to you), engaged M. Downey, the male Lily Pons, to croon four or five numbers every Friday night for a niggardly two thousand dollars. Also on the half-hour program there was a lady who extolled the Woodbury product, there was an orchestra, and there was David Ross, the announcer whose clarity of diction had recently earned him a medal instead of twenty thousand years in Sing Sing. You could listen to the orchestra without feeling faint.

Early this century, a child was born to the British family Novis and they called his name Don. The family moved to the U.S. and young Don attracted attention as a boy soprano in a Los Angeles choir. In 1927, his boyhood was gone, but his voice remained, and he was declared Miss Atwater Kent, or whatever the masculine title is, in the annual A.K. radio Olympics. He won artistic and financial success as a crooner on the Coast until last summer, when the N.B.C. signed him and brought him to New York, positive that it would soon place him with some big ipecac concern or be ready to say yes to any vermifuge or catnip manufacturer who asked whether it could supply another Downey.

Sponsors, however, had suddenly developed a passionate apathy toward he-Rethbergs. Camel cigarettes were letting Mr. Downey go (and with him that bit of old Dresden, Tony Wons), sounding the knell, insiders said, of the Mickey Mouse school of vocalism.

So what? So weeks passed, months passed, the supply of Mr. Novis continued to exceed the demand, and the National's only comfort lay in the fact that Columbia still had Morton. This comfort ceased to exist when the latter landed with John H. Woodbury, Inc. And then what? Why, some master mind among the Woodburys or their agents realized the terrible truth: On a half-hour program glutted with an orchestra, an announcer, and cheerleaders for the merchandise, there was only one singer of one sort; from ten to fifteen minutes in which to offset the purifying effects of the soap plug with suggestive or merely sappy songs, and only one falsetto to sing them. A desperate situation, but not, thank Golly, hopeless. Add Novis to the cast and we are saved. How are you, Foster? (A cousin in Providence.)

The two, however, belonged to rival chain gangs. The N.B.C. must be paid for permitting Don to go slumming once a week, or vice versa; this, of course, in addition to the expenditure for salaries. Columbia lost (or won) the decision, Mr. Downey was sublet

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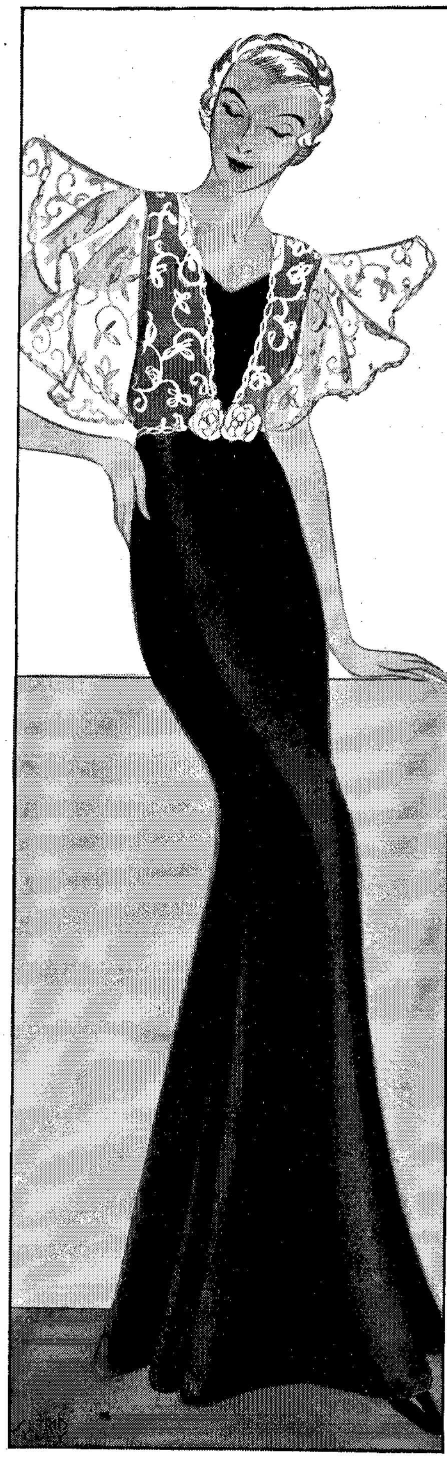
Mary Elizabeth's
FIFTH AVE. at 36th STREET



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CLEVELAND DETROIT MIAMI BEACH

to the National, and the program was put on an N.B.C. hookup at nine-thirty Wednesday nights. And as clinching evidence of what the hell, it synchronizes with one of Columbia's and radio's best bets, the Robert Burns cigar program, whose star, Gracie Allen, just pretends to be silly. One wonders whether Columbia switched Gracie's starting time as a boyish prank. One also wonders why some genius of the eyewash-and-ointment world doesn't rent Frederic Wile and H. V. Kaltenborn from the C.B.S. and put them on an N.B.C. station with William Hard for a series of quarter-hour weather forecasts from Washington.

If you ask me, Mr. Novis has not suffered by the closeup comparison. His voice strikes this critic as prettier than Mr. Downey's in the ordinary tenor register, and the notion that Mort could out-high him in the falsetto was dispelled recently when Don finished "Trees" on a major fifth that jarred an ashtray off the right end of the keyboard. Mr. Downey can console himself with the knowledge that he gets more money, makes more girls cry, and is fatter.

TWO. In the song "We Better Get Together Again," the word "again" is supposed to be rhymed with twice, each time by the word "then." The song is on its last limbs now, but when they were all singing it, they invariably said "agane." In the song "It's Winter Again," the "again" is rhymed with "rain" and "window pane." So the girls and boys insist on telling you that it's winter "agen."

THREE. Miss Shutta's husband was kind enough to come and call. He had no difficulty crashing the No Visitors sign; the sentries mistook him for Kate Smith, who has the roving concession at all pesthouses.

"George," said I (for it was Mr. Olsen), "no one classes with Ethel [that's the way I think of her] in 'cute' numbers: 'Listen to the German Band,' and 'The Twinkle in Your Eye,' or whatever it is. Leave the tear-jerkers to Miss Etting. Your wife has a good sense of comedy; she must have. I mean, you smile all the while. You oughtn't to let her torture us with horrors like 'Ten Tiny Toes.' "

"That wasn't her fault," said George. "I didn't stage it right. We're going to dialogue it next time. We're going to bring out that the kid's dead."

—RING LARDNER

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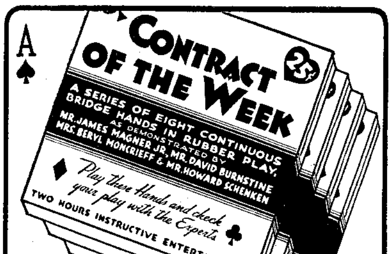
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OPEN-LETTERS DEPARTMENT

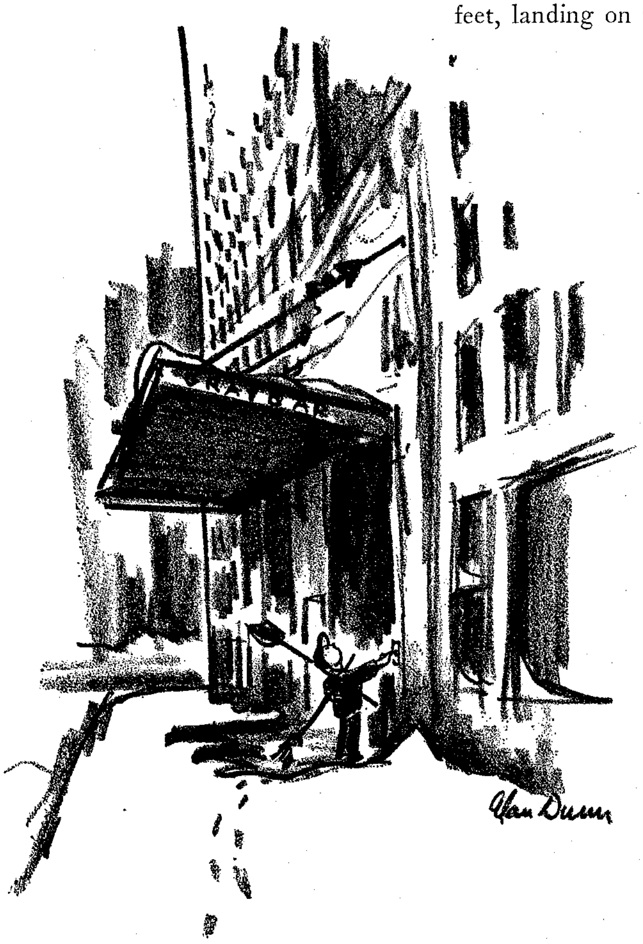
Department of Sanitation,
Division of Street Cleaning,
Gentlemen:

THANK you for coming and getting our snow. It was a thoughtful gesture which our block—Washington Place, from the Square to Sixth Avenue—will not soon forget. You came late, but in the end you justified our confidence that the snow which we had been saving so proudly would not be permitted merely to melt and run down the sewers, quietly. You made it only by about eight hours, to be sure, because the day after your men came with their dragons, the snow did melt and all the icicles fell off the roofs. This was a very quiet proceeding, and you would not have cared for it. No machines were involved.

Your efforts, on the other hand, aroused me to a new understanding of the power of the machine age. I am trembling still, partly from thinking of the great forces which are at our beck and call, and partly from plain nervous shock. It is, you know, rather disturbing to be wakened at two o'clock in the morning by the kind of snow removal you put on for us. It was a splendid sight. And, by the way, do you pay for the windows broken by the vibration, or do we? I'm not complaining, just asking.

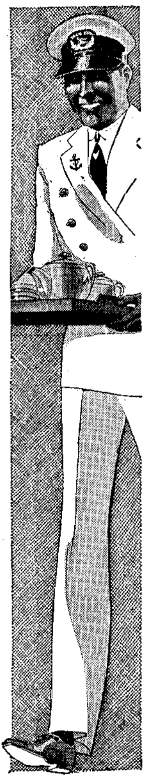
If you could let me know, I could tell my wife as soon as she comes back from the sanitarium. That will be one of the first things she will want to know, I'm sure, after she discovers that snow removal is really over and not—please God—apt to recur again immediately. I want to be ready with the answer, because the poor thing will need humoring for a couple of years until she forgets those clanking chains. (What, incidentally, were those chains for? I tried to make out, but although I leaned out of the window for half an hour, I couldn't quite decide. I got a bad cold, however.)

MYSELF, I minded the vibration more. Things shook so when the motors of the two loading machines and the eight trucks got going together. Of course, it was a little noisy, too. I must congratulate you on the way you muffled that noise, holding it in until the whole power of it was right under our open window and then letting go. You will probably be pleased to know that I jumped, by actual measurement, five feet, landing on the cat.



You will also be pleased to know that you woke up everybody in the block. Lights went on, windows popped open, heads leaned out, from one end to the other. And it was a magnificent sight. Those two loading machines, particularly, were memorable. One going down one side of the street; one coming up the other side. Meeting, of course, in front of our house.

I was a little surprised by the bonfire, which certainly lighted up our bedroom, and certainly filled it with smoke. I hope the men who gathered around it and shouted at one another had a nice



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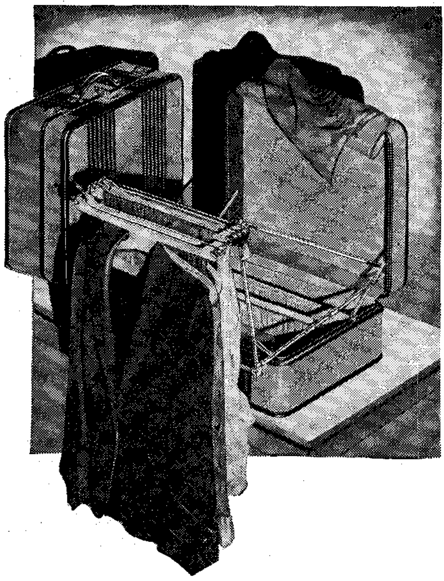
time, but I think they slipped up a little there. It was really only a small fire. To keep in proportion, they should have burned a house. But it was quite a spectacle at that. Two dinosaurs in the middle of the street and all those trucks! It is still a mystery to me how you managed to have so many machines in such a small street, even by running the trucks up nose to nose, as you did. And men shouting, and women screaming from windows, and people firing off revolvers! It was funny, if you don't mind my saying so, to discover that the cause of the whole thing was a little Ford. Did you hear of the part played by the little Ford in the great Engagement of Washington Place?

WELL, in case you didn't, the Ford was parked about halfway up the block between two hills of snow and right in the path of one of the loading machines. Somebody had just gone in to bed and forgotten it, I expect. Gone to bed and died, or he'd have been there. Seeing it, all your men built their fire and rallied round to talk it over. After a while, one man detached himself from the circle and went bravely up. He walked right up to the Ford and sounded its horn. Sounded it good and loud, and waited. I hope you give awards to men like that. If you don't, and will arrange to have him under my windows some evening, I'll be glad to attend to it.

The owner not appearing, another man went up and he sounded the horn, too. Meanwhile, all the engines of snow removal roared and vibrated and all the men who weren't pushing the horn button shouted. The drivers of the trucks raced their motors and every now and then shifted gears. You would



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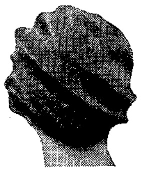

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have been proud if you had been there; probably it would have choked you up a bit. "Here," you would have said, "is snow removal that *is* snow removal. Here is something to tell the grandchildren about."

Besides the sheer magnitude of the noise and confusion, you would have been impressed, and pleased, by the way they kept at it. Ordinary, untrained men would simply have pushed the Ford out of the way, finished off the street, and gone home to bed. But not your men. No, sirs; they stayed for upward of an hour, yelling and shouting orders and sounding the Ford's horn. At first I couldn't understand that, either, but now I realize that there have to be rules about these things. If the owner doesn't come down and drive away, it isn't fair to move the car. Is that it? No taking advantage, nothing underhanded.

Well, your men played the game to the end. The end was about four o'clock. Then, when the man wouldn't come out, they all went away. (All, that is, but the man who stayed to repair his truck. He got away about five.) They went away and left the Ford triumphant and the snow between it and the corner untouched. I want to tell you how sporting I think that was. How fine! Even the thought that they might have kept everybody awake another full hour did not deter your men from playing the game. And they lost that snow, too. It is all melted, now, so there's no use coming back for it. It melted without a sound.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

TANTRUM

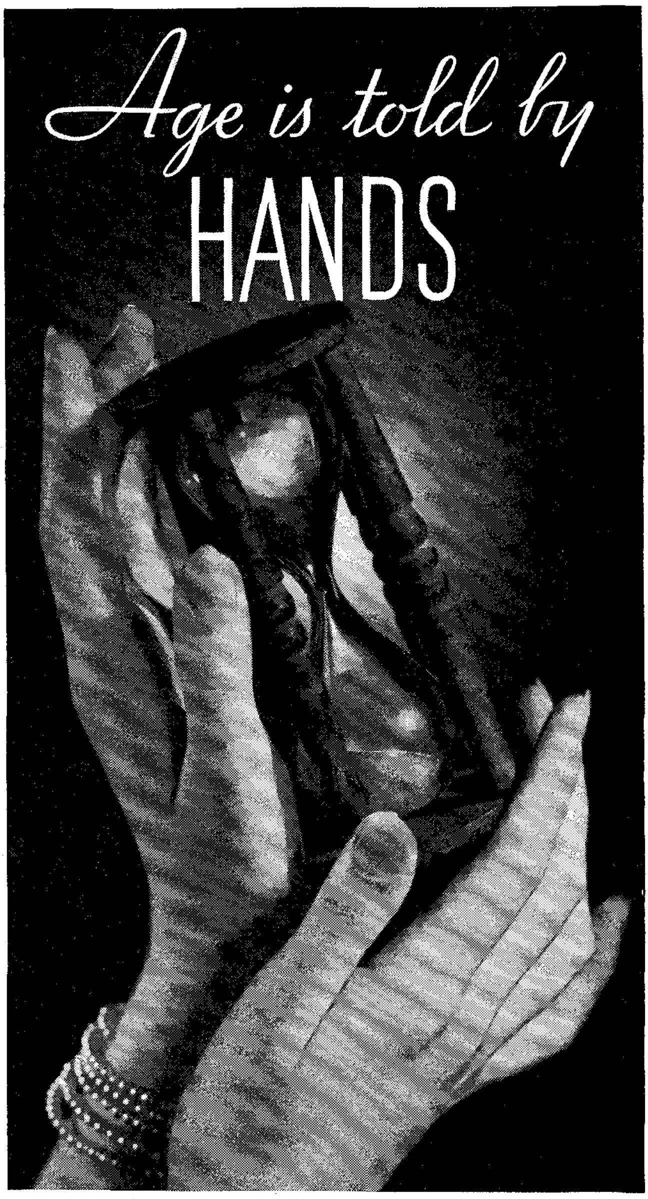
We saw him so naughty and scratching
  and hitting,
And when he sat down, then he
  wouldn't stop sitting
Right on the sidewalk with everyone
  staring,
But he didn't care—oh, he *liked* it not
  caring!

—DOROTHY ALDIS

•

The right of way is given to the player who has last hit the ball or to the player who has entered safely on the line of the ball, between it and the last hitter (as against players not in possession of the ball) to the player who is following nearer than any other player the line of direction of the ball where last hit.—*Indoor-polo rules.*

It's a good idea to see a lawyer first.



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BOOKS

Wodehouse to Shaw

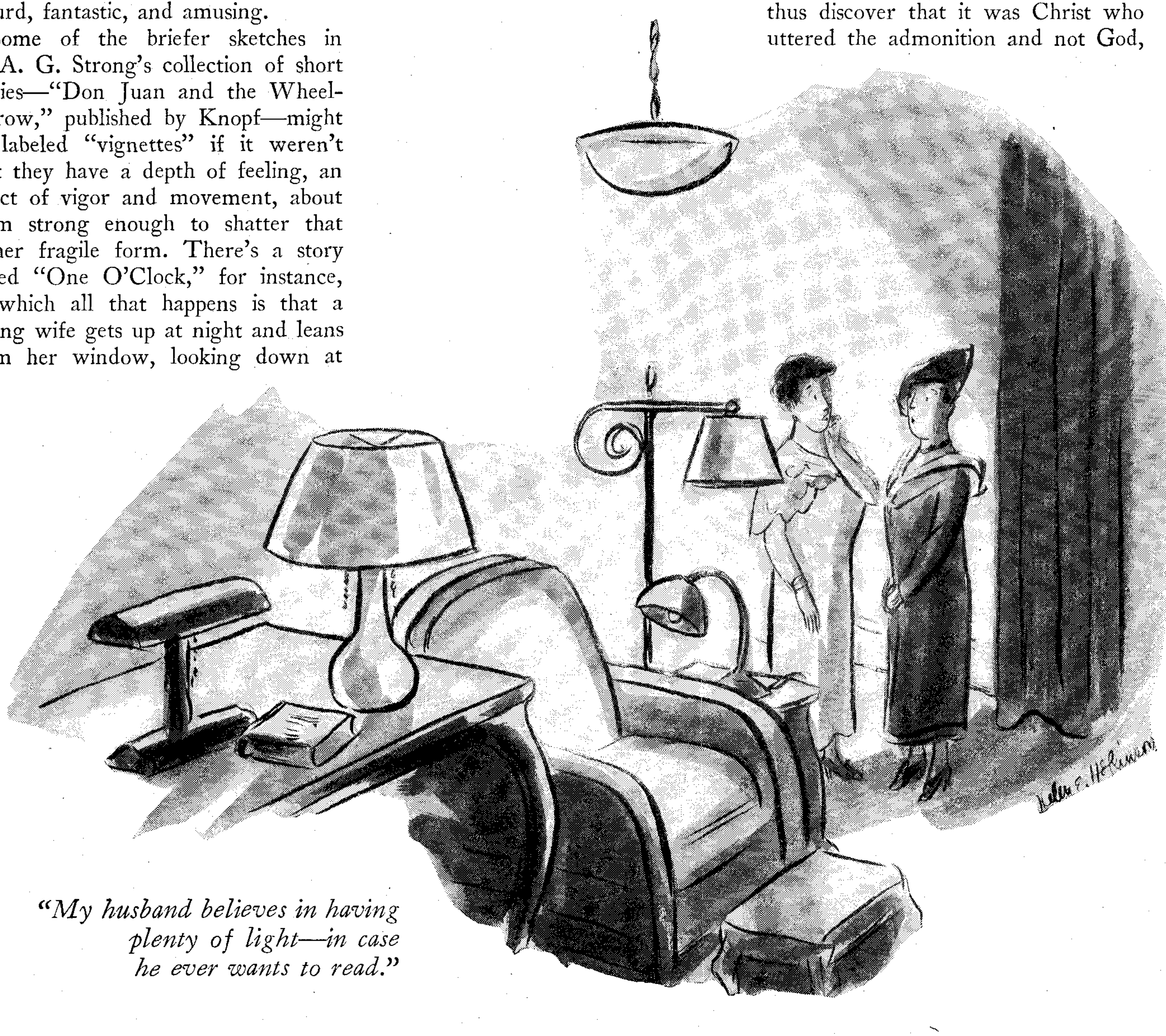
THE new Wodehouse is called "Mulliner Nights," and is published by Doubleday, Doran. Doubtless you know Mr. Mulliner; he's usually to be found, evenings, at the inn known as The Anglers' Rest, and whatever the subject the other patrons happen to be discussing, from latterday morals to ancient chivalry, he never fails to be reminded of a pertinent anecdote, drawn from the adventures of his remarkably numerous relatives. There was his nephew Adrian, for instance, who practiced smiling to cure his indigestion and made a number of interesting discoveries in consequence; and young Lancelot Mulliner, the artist, who got involved with a cat rather disastrously; and Eustace, who owed his brilliant successes in the diplomatic corps to a canary. In other words, they're typical Wodehouse tales, absurd, fantastic, and amusing.

Some of the briefer sketches in L. A. G. Strong's collection of short stories—"Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow," published by Knopf—might be labeled "vignettes" if it weren't that they have a depth of feeling, an effect of vigor and movement, about them strong enough to shatter that rather fragile form. There's a story called "One O'Clock," for instance, in which all that happens is that a young wife gets up at night and leans from her window, looking down at the moonlit street where two men are passing, arguing. Yet so perfectly has Mr. Strong caught the mood of the little incident and so subtly conveyed its implications that it takes on a far wider significance; and though, when the husband stirs and calls to her, the wife turns obediently back to bed again, the reader knows that, in spirit, her flight has already begun. There are longer stories, more involved in action and more detailed in treatment, in the volume, but even these derive most of their power from a curious static quality they have about them: in each, the event itself seems inconsiderable, but the mood that surrounds it hints at tremendous drama to come, or just passed. I'd recommend the book highly.

But there's still a quantity of others worth reading. John Fothergill, some nine or ten years ago, gave up the career of a London exquisite and took over an old inn in the town of Thame, near Oxford. Now, in "An Innkeeper's Diary," published by Robert Ballou, he describes his experiences. Then there's Felix Riesenberg's "Mother Sea," published by Claude Kendall, a rather solidly fashioned but nevertheless exciting novel of a young sea-captain, bred to sail, who found himself in steam before he knew it. And "The Sea Witch," by Alexander Laing, published by Farrar & Rinehart, a fascinating interweaving of fact and fiction around the actual career of one of the famous clippers.

WHICH brings us, finally, to George Bernard Shaw, whose "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God" has just been published in this country. It is a lively little fable, describing the adventures of a savage maiden (representing, I take it, humanity) who followed the advice of a missionary too literally.

"Where is God?" she inquired, and was told: "He has said 'Seek and ye shall find Me.' " So the maiden, without bothering to look up the matter in her Bible (indeed, I wonder if Mr. Shaw troubled to do so, either) and thus discover that it was Christ who uttered the admonition and not God,



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and that what He said was only "Seek and ye shall find," though He also once said "Ye shall seek, and shall not find Me," which might have been a better text for the book—well, as I say, the maiden, without looking the matter up, and so getting as confused about it as I have, seized her knobkerry staff and set out instantly on the search.

The book was discussed at some length in another department of this magazine last week, so I shall only describe her adventures briefly here. Her way led her to a blustering God, full of fire and thunder and demanding sacrificial offerings; then to a disputatious God; to a Greek God who spoke of beauty, and to a number of others, including a scientist busy dissecting dogs, a conjuring God, and a party of modern explorers lost in the jungle and in their own arguments. But she didn't find truth, or even happiness, until she came upon a little garden where she encountered two gentlemen, one resembling Voltaire and the other suspiciously like Mr. Shaw himself. The former persuaded her to give up her search, citing the story of Jupiter and Semele and arguing that the sight of God must be too awful for humankind to bear. The latter she married, to live happily with him forever after.

WELL, as I've said, it's a lively and pleasant enough little allegory, and a charmingly written and flashingly ironical one, too. But it doesn't mean much, as—if proof were needed—the rather lengthy appendix in which Mr. Shaw interprets the fable would demonstrate. He explains that the different Gods the girl encountered represent the conflicting aspects of the Christian Deity as the Bible itself portrays Him, and argues that from this conflict much of our religious confusion results; and announces that Science is now more mystical than the Church, and that the Bible is valuable only as a kind of metaphysical history; and—well, one ends it with a little of the feeling that one has heard all that before, though never, perhaps, set forth with quite so brave a show of paradox.

Mr. Shaw explains that he wrote the book while vacationing in Africa, in an interim between writing plays. I think it is in that sense that we must take it—as a sort of epistolary communication, witty, unlabored, and discursive, which we read merely to keep in touch with its author's doings, rather than for any great news it may contain.

—R. M. C.

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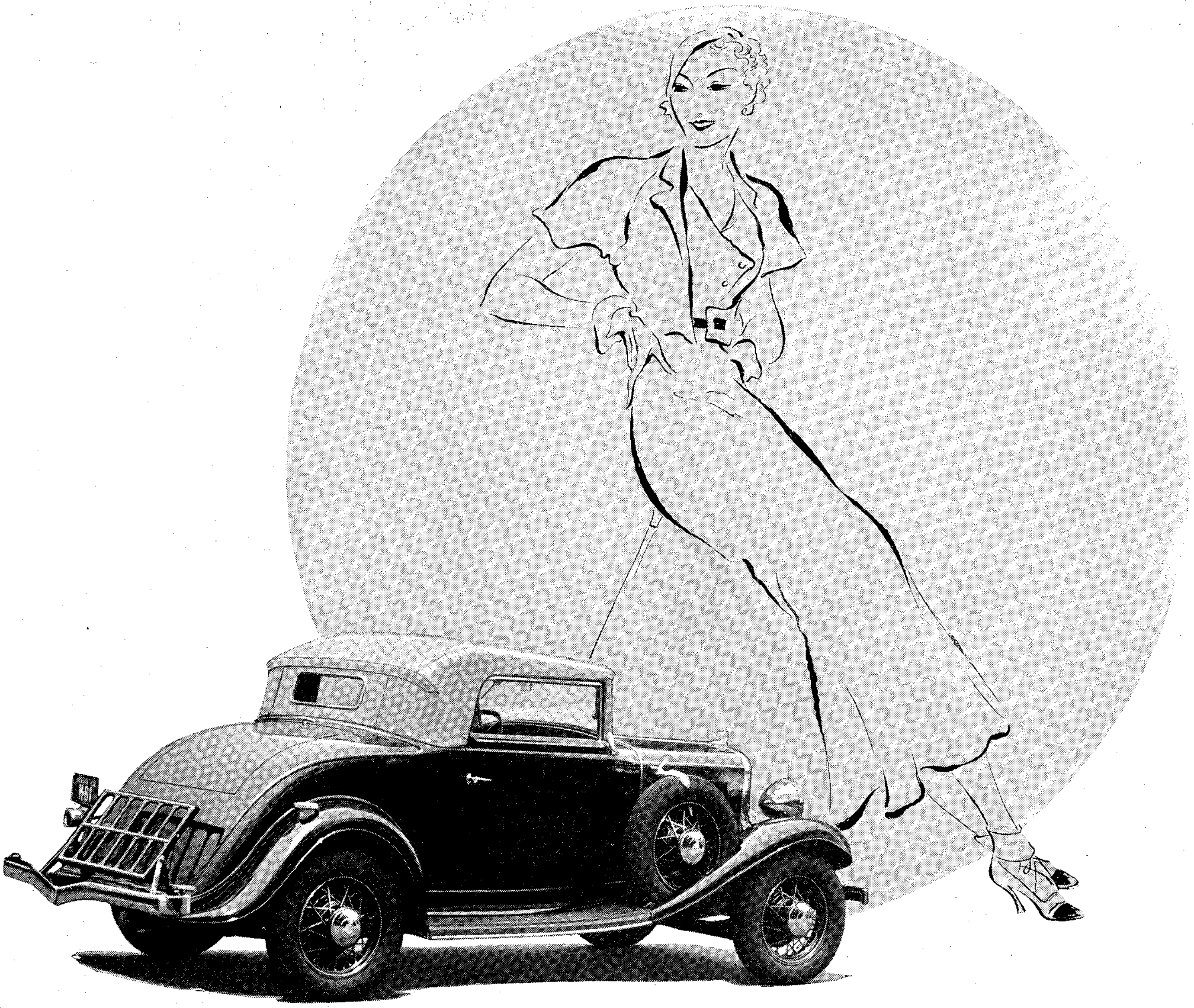

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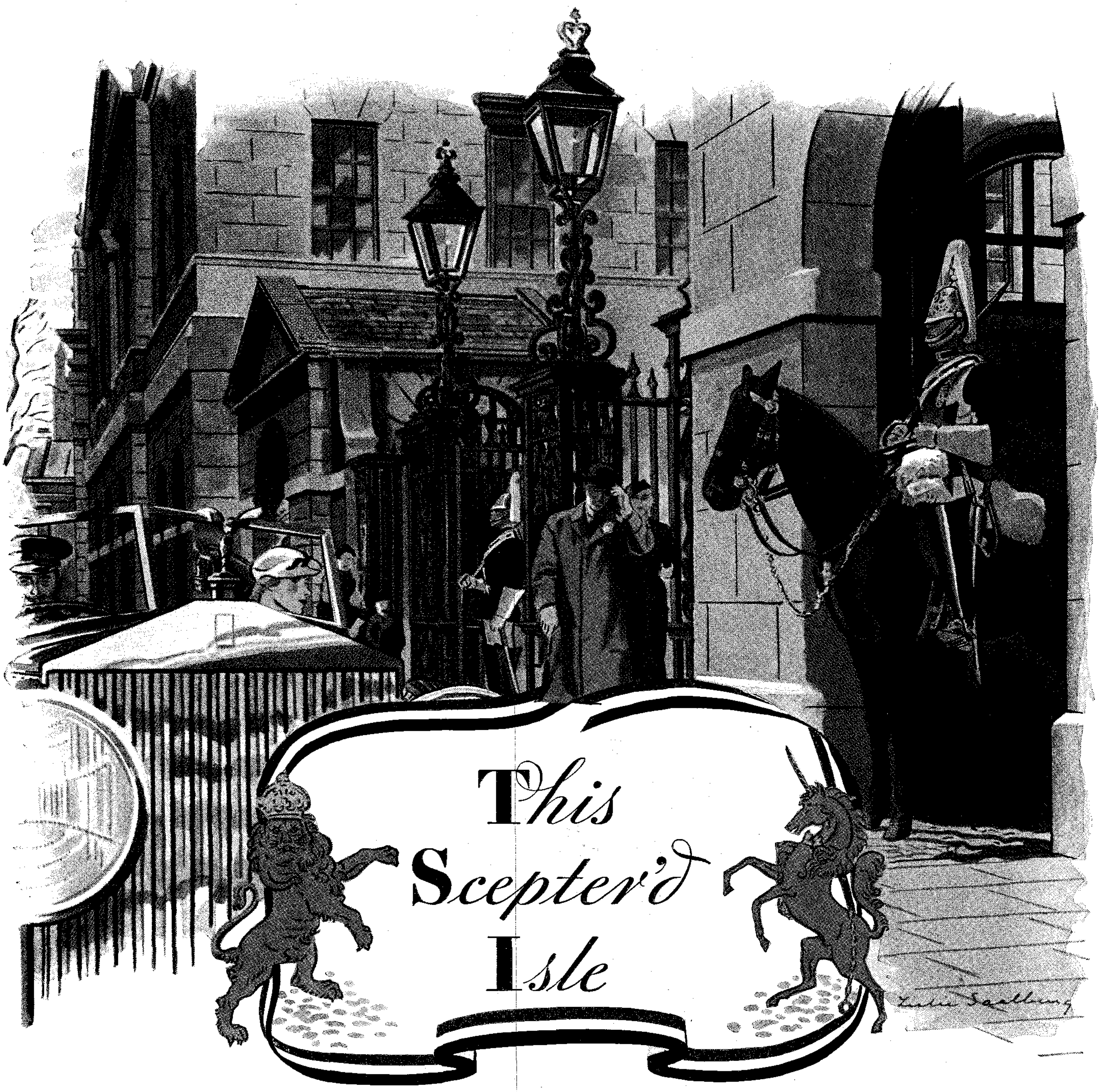

CALL it *Aintree-madness* if you like . . . but most of us (about this time of year) feel an overpowering urge to visit England. Perhaps it's the pomp and circumstance of London . . . or the call of hunting horns and the bell of hounds in the mid-country. . . . Perhaps it's the charm of quiet hamlet life, far from the madding crowd . . . or the sweep of green fairways at St. Andrews. . . . At any rate, about *Grand National* time, we seem imbued with desire for a pilgrimage to "this scepter'd isle . . . this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

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